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FIRST PRINCIPLES.

LOVE.

THE stream flows between its banks, according to Love. The planets sustain and restrain themselves, in their courses, by this same principle. All nature governs itself by Love.

By this I understand, that each created thing, is gifted to act, as though it knew the properties, and ends to be attained, which belong to each of the others; and that each one so guides itself, as not to interfere with, or restrain, the workings of another; except when a clashing of properties takes place, and then, a just and equitable compromise is immediately effected.

This regard to the peculiarities, and constructions of each other, appears to be an application of the principle of justice.

The sentence, "All nature governs itself by Love," implies a power — the Power of Love. But this is not always perceived.

LOVE AND POWER.

Looking out upon nature, we find all things moving, and revolving, according to some apparently everlasting and unchanging laws, of which we have, as yet, obtained no knowledge, save that of their mere existence.

Immediately we sum up all the changes of the seasons; the summer with its overpowering heat; the winter with

its intense cold; the movement of the winds and the waves; the growth of the trees; the revolutions of the sun, and the moon, and the stars; and then we turn our eyes inward, and perceive in our own souls, that we decide concerning the performance of any action, according as the motive *for*, is stronger or weaker than the motive *against*; and because we have seen all this, we say:

There are in nature two classes of things: things which are governed, and things which govern. The things which are governed are matter and spirit. The things which govern, are the *laws* of matter and the *laws* of spirit. Then we sum up all the laws which we know, and find that they may be included in the first thought of justice or love. But the view is changed; we now perceive the element of Activity, or Power.

Power (or activity) I call *will*, (not *free* will.)

As in the word Love, Power (or activity) is implied, so in the word Power, Freedom is implied. But this is not always perceived.

APPLICATION.

There is a chain of causes and effects, which proceeds from the eternity of the past, and passes, link by link, through our little dominion of time, thence stretching onward, till it is lost in the dim eternity to come. The description of this chain, is the history of the universe.

When we have performed an action, it is no longer ours, it belongs to nature. As soon as an action goes forth, it gives birth to another action, which last gives birth to still another, and so on through all eternity. The little bustle and noise, which we have made, appears small, beside the motion of the rest of the universe; but that little bustle and noise will have their precise effect, and this effect will continue to produce and reproduce itself forever. All that has been done before my time, has left effects, to serve me as motives. All that I do, and all that nature does in my time, will serve as motives to those who come after me. All nature has been at work from the beginning of time, until this day, to produce me, and my character.

"All things are full of labor; man cannot utter it; the

eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. The thing that has been, is the thing that shall be; and the thing that has been done, is the thing that shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

When we see these things, we think that it is well to know, and to love, nature; for, according to her laws, are all things done, which are done, in the world. We see that from good, good arises; and that from evil, evil arises. We see that this is a law of nature.

Then we say again, with King Solomon, "God shall judge the righteous and the wicked; for there is a time for every work, and for every purpose. Though a sinner do evil a hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it will be well with them which fear God; but it shall not be well with the wicked; neither shall he prolong his days, which are as a shadow; because he feareth not before God."

LOVE AND POWER AND INTELLIGENCE.

Looking in upon ourselves, we find that we are not machines. We find that we are something more than mere sieves, by which nature distinguishes stronger from weaker motives.

We find that, although we always act from a choice of motives, there is no power in any motive, by which it acts irresistibly upon the mind. The degrees of strength, by which motives act upon the mind, are given to those motives, by the mind itself. The mind itself decides by what motives it will be ruled; and often it refuses to obey a motive coming from without, because of a principle which it has formed for its own government. The mind makes laws for itself, and changes those laws when it pleases so to do. Matter obeys the strongest force, and it obeys that force so far as it is stronger than all other opposite forces. But not so spirit. Spirit opposes extraneous forces, by forces formed by, and in itself.

The struggle between the soul, and extraneous force, constitutes Spiritual Life. In every human action there is an element of Liberty, and an element of Destiny. Liberty modifies destiny, and destiny modifies liberty.

Man is not wholly free, neither is he wholly enslaved; for were he wholly free, or wholly enslaved, he *might* continue to exist, but he would cease to be man. Man is a free spirit, bound in chains and fetters; but having power to throw off, one by one, the bands which fasten him to the earth. If any man strive to rise above his destiny, that man is a noble man; if any man knowingly succumb to his circumstances, that man is an ignoble man.

A man is not an ignoble man, because he does ignoble things; but he does ignoble things, because he is an ignoble man. A tree may be known by its fruits.

CONCLUSION.

The fool is driven before his destiny; but the man of understanding rideth thereon.

DESTINY.

There is a chain of causes and effects, which stretches from eternity to eternity. This chain is a bridge, which connects the past with that which is to come. Proceeding from that which is behind us, we step, link by link, along this bridge, and press onward toward the shadowy future.

We know that this chain exists, because we see its links. We know that a particular cause will never fail to bring forth its own particular effect. As cause is to effect, in the material world, so, with certain modifications, is motive to voluntary action in the human mind. No link, in the immeasurable chain, could occupy any other place than the one which it does occupy; for there is no such thing as chance.

This chain stretches forth from the eternity, which precedes our birth; and these causes, under the name of motives, will always have their precise effect, upon every operation of our minds, and upon every action of our lives.

From like causes we never fail to experience like effects. Knowledge is not vague and undetermined. The human mind is a legitimate object of science.

If we have given, the *precise character*, and motives, of a man, we can predict his conduct, under certain circum-

stances, as certainly as we can predict an eclipse of the sun, or the return of a comet.

The old farmer knows more than the young beginner, because he has had more experience. The old diplomatist knows more than the young politician, because he has seen more men.

If I plant corn, I am as certain that I can sell it in the market, as I am that it will come up in my fields. If I am the owner of a manufactory, I am as certain that I can obtain men to labor in my mill, as I am that my machinery will work.

Men do not always *see* this destiny; but if adversity lays her iron hand upon them, and they perceive that all avenues are closed, by which they would vent their activity, they acknowledge this conjunction of causes and effects, which then asserts its power. How often is it, that we would act, but cannot, because circumstances oppose us; and circumstances mark out our destiny.

FREEDOM.

"Nor would I have you mistake, in the point of your own liberty. These is a liberty of corrupt nature, which is affected both by men and beasts, to do what they list; and this liberty is inconsistent with authority, impatient of all restraint; by this liberty *sumus omnes deteriores*; 't is the grand enemy of truth and peace, and all the ordinances of God are bent against it. But there is a civil, a moral, a federal liberty, which is the proper end and object of authority; it is a liberty for that only which is just and good; for this liberty you are to stand with the hazard of your very lives, and whatsoever crosses it, is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained in a way of subjection to authority; and the authority set over you will, in all administrations for your good, be quietly submitted unto by all, but such as have a disposition to shake off the yoke, and lose their true liberty, by their murmuring at the honor and power of authority."

Always man sees, above himself, an image of what he ought to be. This image is not himself, but it is what he ought to be. This image comprises, in itself, *goodness*, *power*, and *wisdom*. As man strives to realize this idea

of what he ought to be, he rises higher and higher; but, as he rises higher and higher, this image removes from him, and also rises higher and higher, until it becomes *infinite goodness*, *infinite power*, and *infinite wisdom*. When this idea has become thus perfected, and man perceives it, he knows that the idea is the idea of God. Man says, it is not *me*, it is not *mine*; but I see it, and it is the everlasting God.

Freedom is not the power to do wrong; it is the power to do right, the power to exercise all the capacities of one's nature. There is but one being who is absolutely free; that being is God. Man is the victim of circumstances; he is never free in himself, but he can become free by partaking of the absolute liberty, by partaking of "the liberty of the sons of God."

There is no self-determining power of the will. Always the will obeys the emotions of the sensibility, as modified by the dictates of the intelligence. In other words, the precise conduct of a man may be known, if we have given, the *precise character* of the man, and the motives which are to act upon that character. Man is not accountable for the motive, neither is he accountable for the action; but he is accountable for the *character*. Man always has the idea before him of what he ought to be, and, if he contemplate and love that idea, he will ascend toward it; and if he ascend toward it, he will partake of the everlasting liberty. But, if he scorn that idea, and prefer the fleeting circumstances of time, he will fall from liberty, and become a bond slave of the Devil.

A man is not a murderer, because he commits murder; but he commits murder, because he is a murderer. *We* condemn the man, because he commits the deed; for, to us, a tree is known by its fruits only. There is One that judgeth the *heart*.

Freedom, therefore, dwells in the intelligence; because it is by the intelligence that we know God, when we perceive his manifestations. It is by the intelligence that we look inward, and discover our own limitations and weaknesses; and the knowledge of our own limitations and weaknesses is the first step toward a remodelling of our characters, according to the everlasting idea. When adverse circumstances surround us, and threaten to over-

whelm us, do we overcome them, and assert our superiority, our liberty, by an effort of the will? No. We look at these circumstances, and study them, and then, because we have obtained *knowledge*, we turn aside these adverse circumstances, one after the other, and at last, we ride over that which at first threatened to overwhelm us.

LIBERTY AND DESTINY.

Were we mere spirits, and not spirits subjected to the circumstances of the body, then *might* this idea, of what we ought to be, be sufficient to maintain our liberty.

But we are not such spirits; we are bound down by material bodies, surrounded by temptations, the victims of circumstances; and this divine idea is hardly seen by those who are obliged to toil, daily and nightly, to secure those things which are necessary to the body.

It is possible, if this idea were all that could lead us to liberty, that among whole generations of men, there *might* not be a single one, who should assert his freedom, and become the master of his destiny. For the image wanes dim, because of the world which is seen, and the things therein.

Would it not be a glorious mercy of God, if this idea, which is not man, but which comes down to man, to show him the path of liberty, the path which leads to God, should *become man*, and dwell among us, and die among us, to show us how to assert the superiority of our souls over that which is material — to show us, in fine, the way to escape the bondage of the body, and to attain to the liberty of the sons of God?

If this Idea, this Light, should come among us, if he should come as a man like ourselves, we should know him, because he would do wonderful things, which no man ever did — because he would begin a movement which would go on, growing and growing, from generation to generation; and, when men of the most remote ages perceived this movement, they would recognise Him that commenced it. We should know him, because he would testify of himself, and the light which is in us would testify of him; for he would speak the words of truth, and these words would bring out the dim and defaced image of the truth

which is in us, until it should reflect the blaze of the eternal glory.

He that believeth hath the witness in himself. The witness within and the witness without. At the mouths of two or three witnesses shall every word stand fast.

CONCERNING MATTER.

What are material objects? Material objects are the causes of impressions. We do not perceive material objects; we only perceive the impressions which they make upon us. Their different properties, smell, taste, weight, color, extension, &c., only appear to us as their different manners of acting, or of making impressions. We know material objects by their properties only. We know them, therefore, only as active beings, as *forces*. All the beings of nature, minerals, vegetables, &c., are nothing to us, but forces, or combinations of forces. These forces are not, like the soul, intelligent and free, but they are all gifted with activity. Even those which have no property but simple resistance are active, for resistance is action.

It is said that there is a simple substance, differing from, and lying behind, all these properties. This simple substance I have never perceived; I know no necessity for it; and I have, therefore, no reason to believe that any such simple substance really exists.

CONCERNING OURSELVES.

A man, and the object upon which he acts, are two separate and distinct things.

A man, and the instrument by which he acts, are also two separate and distinct things.

If I cut a piece of wood, or write upon a sheet of paper, the piece of wood and the sheet of paper are objects upon which I act; they are, therefore, not me.

The chisel with which I cut, and the pen with which I write, are instruments by which I act; they are, therefore, not me.

My hand is also an instrument by which I act; my hand, therefore, is not me.

My whole body is a combination of instruments by which I act; my body, therefore, is not me.

If I am not the object acted upon, nor the instrument by which the action is performed, what then am I? I am, evidently, *that which acts.*

CONCERNING THE SOUL.

Although there is no material body without three dimensions, we often make abstraction of one or two of them; for example, if we speak of the size of a field, or of the height of a church, we consider a surface only, or a line. But no such thing as a geometrical line, or as a surface, really exists. When we speak of length, or of length and breadth, we speak of things from which the perfection of their being has been abstracted; but, when we speak of length, breadth, *and* depth, we speak of a general formula which includes all the material bodies with which we come in contact every day.

To facilitate study, Geometry is divided into three parts; the first part treats of length; the second treats of length and breadth; the third treats of length, breadth, and depth. The first two parts treat of that from which all true being has been abstracted; the third part treats of real existing things.

Now there is no soul which does not *desire*, *think*, and *act:* in other words, there is no soul without *sensibility*, *intelligence*, and *power*. When we speak of sensibility, without intelligence, and power, or when we speak of either sensibility, intelligence, or power, alone by itself, or when we speak of any two of these, without the third, we speak of things which do not really exist, because that which forms the perfection of their being has been abstracted from them. But when we speak of sensibility, intelligence, *and* power, we speak of a general formula which includes all the souls with which we come in contact every day. In order to facilitate observation, we will endeavor to examine sensibility by itself, intelligence by itself, and power by itself.

1. By sensibility, the soul either *perceives* its own *activity*; or it reacts upon itself by an emotion.

2. By intelligence, the soul either *recognises* the *causes* of its own activity; or having recognised those causes, it proceeds to recognise their effects; or, it compares emo-

tions, received through the sensibility, with recognitions of cause and effect.

By power (activity, volition), the soul either simply produces effects upon the material world; or, by producing such effects, it acts upon other souls, through the instrumentality of language; or, it reacts upon itself by the formation of an opinion, thereby producing a harmony between the intelligence and the sensibility.

I have endeavored, in the last three paragraphs, to describe the action of the soul by sensibility alone, by intelligence alone, and by power alone; but I have not succeeded, and I cannot in my own mind conceive of any such separate action.

The soul acts, and thinks, when it *perceives*; it perceives, and acts, when it *thinks*; it perceives, and thinks, when it *acts*. An emotion involves a thought, and a volition; a thought involves an emotion, and a volition; a volition involves an emotion, and a thought.

If I attempt to examine *one* manner of acting by itself, the other two immediately present themselves; if I attempt to examine the three, I immediately perceive nothing but their unity; if I attempt to examine their unity, the unity immediately disappears, and a triplicity stands in its place.

I do not pretend to explain this *triplicity in unity*; I merely endeavor to show that it does, in fact, exist.

It is said that there is a soul differing *from*, and manifesting itself *by*, sensibility, intelligence, and power. I have never caught a glimpse of any such soul; I see no necessity for such a soul; and I have, therefore, no reason to believe that any such soul does really exist. It appears to me that if the sensibility, intelligence, and power, which belong to any man's soul, should be so separated as not to act and react upon each other, that the fact of their separation would amount to the annihilation of the man's soul.

A true soul must fulfil the following conditions; 1. It must be able to act; 2. It must be able to perceive its own activity; 3. It must be able, when it perceives its own activity, to recognise itself. These three, are reciprocally, the conditions of each other's existence; and they include the fact of consciousness.

BEAUTY, JUSTICE, AND HARMONY.

There is in every man a love, an attraction, for that which is like himself, and a dislike, a repulsion, for that which is unlike himself.

The highest characteristic of man is Life, and he loves every being in which he perceives life, or the manifestations thereof; he dislikes every being in which he perceives a tendency downwards, from life, toward non-existence.

There are many beings incomplete, half dead, which we do not love; but we do not dislike them because they partake of life, but because of their tendency toward non-existence. Man loves order, but he has a horror of chaos.

It is natural for us to love our friends more than we love any other created beings; and this is because they live, and because we have seen more of their lives than we have of the lives of any other created things.

Our sensibilities are much affected when we see a fine statue, or painting, because the statue, or painting, is a representative of life; and when we perceive a statue, we recognise the living artist that made it. We admire any piece of human labor; even a plain brick wall possesses a certain interest, when compared with a loose heap of stones. If the statue be so fine that we forget the artist, it is because the statue is lifelike in itself, and the appearance of life in the statue, renders it unnecessary for us to think of the living artist. But no man would be so much affected by the sight of a work of art, as he would be by the sight of an equally perfect living person.

If man possessed nothing but sensibility, and activity, he would be acted upon by every thing which came in contact with him; and, as each of these things would have its precise effect, his own conduct would be regulated by the exterior world, he being but a mere machine.

If man possessed nothing but intelligence and activity, he would have no emotions to induce him to think, neither would he have any subject of thought, and, although he would have the power of thought, he would not think, and therefore would not truly live.

The action of the intelligence upon the sensibility, constitutes Life, and nothing truly lives but spirit. *Our* life is

a struggle between two natures; if either were wanting, there would be no struggle, and life would cease.

Beauty, Justice, and Harmony, always accompany Life, yet they do not constitute life; but, if life be manifested, then will Beauty, Justice, and Harmony appear, because they are attributes of that manifestation. Wherever we find either Beauty, or Justice, or Peace, we recognise that there a Living Spirit either *is*, or has once *been*. Yet Beauty, Justice, and Peace, are not that Living Spirit, they are, if I may so speak, the language by which that Spirit manifests itself. We often find Beauty, and Justice, and Harmony, in the work of a Spirit, after that Spirit has left its work, and departed from it.

The love of the Beautiful, the love of the Just, and the love of the Harmonious, dwell in the sensibility; but the idea of Beauty, the idea of Justice, and the idea of Harmony, dwell in the intelligence.

Beauty itself, Justice itself, Peace itself, are neither in the sensibility, nor in the intelligence; they are with God, and are everlastingly the same; but we can discover, as we move on, more and more concerning them.

GOOD AND EVIL.

God is the only perfect Being. If we endeavor to move on toward the perfection of our being, if we strive to follow the idea of what we ought to be, which leads to infinite love, infinite wisdom, and infinite power, we shall be on the right course. Whatever tends to assist us in our journey is *good*.

If we fall from the idea of what we ought to be, and do not strive to perfect our natures, but move downward toward infinite hatred, infinite folly, and infinite weakness, we shall be on the wrong course. Whatever tends to press us downward is *evil*.

The existence of infinite power, infinite wisdom, infinite love, supposes the existence of something which is *not* them. The existence of the Yes, supposes the existence of the No.

CREATION.

God *thought* a being partaking of will, wisdom, and sensibility. He *thought* a body, with which this being was to be connected, and which was to be the instrument by which it should manifest itself, and by which it should maintain communion with what is without. The nature of this body is explained below.

God *thought* an infinite variety of properties combined with each other, in an infinitely diversified manner.

The being possessed of will, wisdom, sensibility, was *one thought*; the "infinite variety of properties," was another and a different thought.

God *thought* the being to be possessed of the power of causation, so far as to be able to vary the position of that portion of the "infinite diversity and combination of properties" which formed its body; and, by that means, to act on the "exterior combination of properties" and to modify them to a certain extent.

God *thought* the "combination of properties" to have the power to act upon the body of the being, and by that means, to hold a certain relation to the being itself.

The being possessed of will, wisdom, sensibility, is the soul of man. The infinite variety of properties is the world of matter. The body is that portion of the world of matter upon which the soul immediately acts. All these exist in the *thought of God*.

Thus do I explain the Universe as the *settled opinion of Almighty God*; and thus do I explain the relation which exists between the mind and what is without.

W. B. G.

YUCA FILAMENTOSA.

"The Spirit builds his house, in the least flowers,—
A beautiful mansion. How the colours live,
Intricately delicate. Every night
An angel for this purpose from the heavens,
With his small urn of ivory-like hue, drops
A globular world of the purest element
In the flower's midst, feeding its tender soul
With lively inspiration. I wonder
That a man wants knowledge; is there not here
Spread in amazing wealth, a form too rare,
A soul so inward, that with an open heart
Tremulous and tender, we all must fear,
Not to see near enough, of these deep thoughts?" — MS.

Often, as I looked up to the moon, I had marvelled to see how calm she was in her loneliness. The correspondences between the various parts of this universe are so perfect, that the ear, once accustomed to detect them, is always on the watch for an echo. And it seemed that the earth must be peculiarly grateful to the orb whose light clothes every feature of her's with beauty. Could it be that she answers with a thousand voices to each visit from the sun, who with unsparing scrutiny reveals all her blemishes, yet never returns one word to the flood of gentleness poured upon her by the sovereign of the night?

I was sure there must be some living hieroglyphic to indicate that class of emotions which the moon calls up. And I perceived that the all-perceiving Greeks had the same thought, for they tell us that Diana loved once and was beloved again.

In the world of gems, the pearl and opal answered to the moonbeam, but where was the Diana-flower? — Long I looked for it in vain. At last its discovery was accidental, and in the quarter where I did not expect it.

For several years I had kept in my garden two plants of the Yuca Filamentosa, and bestowed upon them every care without being repaid by a single blossom. Last June, I observed with pleasure that one was preparing to flower. From that time I watched it eagerly, though provoked at the slowness with which it unfolded its buds.

A few days after, happening to look at the other, which had not by any means so favorable an exposure, I perceived

flower-buds on that also. I was taking my walk as usual at sunset, and, as I returned, the slender crescent of the young moon greeted me, rising above a throne of clouds, clouds of pearl and opal.

Soon, in comparing the growth of my two plants, I was struck by a singular circumstance. The one, which had budded first, seemed to be waiting for the other, which, though, as I said before, least favorably placed of the two, disclosed its delicate cups with surprising energy.

At last came the night of the full moon, and they burst into flower together. That was indeed a night of long-sought melody.

The day before, looking at them just ready to bloom, I had not expected any farther pleasure from the fulfilment of their promise, except the gratification of my curiosity. The little greenish bells lay languidly against the stem; the palmetto-shaped leaves which had, as it were, burst asunder to give way to the flower-stalk, leaving their edges rough with the filaments from which the plant derives its name, looked ragged and dull in the broad day-light.

But now each little bell had erected its crest to meet the full stream of moonlight, and the dull green displayed a reverse of silvery white. The filaments seemed a robe, also of silver, but soft and light as gossamer. Each feature of the plant was now lustrous and expressive in proportion to its former dimness, and the air of tender triumph, with which it raised its head towards the moon, as if by worship to thank her for its all, spoke of a love, bestowed a loveliness beyond all which I had heretofore known of beauty.

As I looked on this flower my heart swelled with emotions never known but once before. Once, when I saw in woman what is most womanly, the love of a seraph shining through death. I expected to see my flower pass and melt as she did in the celestial tenderness of its smile.

I longed to have some other being share a happiness which seemed to me so peculiar and so rare, and called Alcmeon from the house. The heart and mind of Alcmeon are not without vitality, but have never been made interpreters between nature and the soul. He is one who could travel amid the magnificent displays of the tropical climates, nor even look at a flower, nor do I believe he ever drew a thought from the palm tree more than the poplar.

But the piercing sweetness of this flower's look in its nuptial hour conquered even his obtuseness. He stood before it a long time, sad, soft, and silent. I believe he realized the wants of his nature more than ever he had done before, in the course of what is called a life.

Next day I went out to look at the plants, and all the sweet glory had vanished. Dull, awkward, sallow stood there in its loneliness the divinity of the night before. — Oh Absence! — Life was in the plant; birds sang and insects hovered around; the blue sky bent down lovingly, the sun poured down nobly over it, — but the friend, to whom the key of its life had been given in the order of nature, had begun to decline from the ascendant, had retired into silence, and the faithful heart had no language for any other.

At night the flowers were again as beautiful as before. — Fate! let me never murmur more. There is an hour of joy for every form of being, an hour of rapture for those that wait most patiently. — Queen of night! — Humble Flower! — how patient were ye, the one in the loneliness of bounty, — the other in the loneliness of poverty. The flower brooded on her own heart; the moon never wearied of filling her urn, for those she could not love as children. Had the eagle waited for her, she would have smiled on him as serenely as on the nightingale. Admirable are the compensations of nature. As that flower, in its own season, imparted a dearer joy than all my lilies and roses, so does the Aloes in its concentrated bliss know all that has been diffused over the hundred summers through which it kept silent. — Remember the Yuca; wait and trust; and either Sun or Moon, according to thy fidelity, will bring thee to love and to know.

INWORLD.

[In consequence of a mistake, the first part only of this poem was inserted in the last number of the Djal. It is therefore now given entire.]

Amid the watches of the windy night
A poet sat and listened to the flow
Of his own changeful thoughts, until there passed
A vision by him, murmuring, as it moved,

A wild and mystic lay — to which his thoughts
And pen kept time, and thus the measure ran: —

All is but as it seems.
The round green earth,
With river and glen;
The din and the mirth
Of the busy, busy men;
The world's great fever
Throbbing forever;
The creed of the sage,
The hope of the age,
All things we cherish,
All that live and all that perish,
These are but inner dreams.

The great world goeth on
To thy dreaming;
To thee alone
Hearts are making their moan,
Eyes are streaming.
Thine is the white moon turning night to day,
Thine is the dark wood sleeping in her ray;
Thee the winter chills;
Thee the spring-time thrills;
All things nod to thee —
All things come to see
If thou art dreaming on.
If thy dream should break,
And thou shouldst awake,
All things would be gone.

Nothing is, if thou art not.
From thee as from a root
The blossoming stars upshoot,
The flower cups drink the rain.
Joy and grief and weary pain
Spring aloft from thee,
And toss their branches free.
Thou art under, over all;
Thou dost hold and cover all;
Thou art Atlas — thou art Jove; —
The mightiest truth
Hath all its youth
From thy enveloping thought —
Thy thought itself lay in thy earliest love.

Nature keeps time to thee
With voice unbroken;
Still doth she rhyme to thee,
When thou hast spoken.
When the sun shines to thee,
'T is thy own joy

Opening mines to thee
Nought can destroy.
When the blast moans to thee,
Still doth the wind
Echo the tones to thee
Of thy own mind.
Laughter but saddens thee
When thou art glad,
Life is not life to thee
But as thou livest,
Labor is strife to thee,
When thou least strivest: —

More did the spirit sing, and made the night
Most musical with inward melodies,
But vanished soon and left the listening Bard
Wrapt in unearthly silence — till the morn
Reared up the screen that shuts the spirit-world
From loftiest poet and from wisest sage.

OUTWORLD.

The sun was shining on the busy earth,
All men and things were moving on their way —
The old, old way which we call life. The soul
Shrank from the giant grasp of Space and Time.
Yet — for it was her dreamy hour, half yielded
To the omnipotent delusion — and looked out
On the broad glare of things, and felt itself
Dwindling before the Universe. Then came unto the Bard
Another spirit with another voice,
And sang: —
Said he that all but seems?
Said he, the world is void and lonely,
A strange vast crowd of dreams
Coming to thee only?
And that thy feeble soul
Hath such a strong control
O'er sovereign Space and sovereign Time
And all their train sublime?
Said he, thou art the Eye
Reflecting all that is —
The Ear that hears while it creates
All sounds and harmonies —
The central sense that bides amid
All shows, and turns them to realities?
Listen, mortal, while the sound
Of this life intense is flowing!
Dost thou find all things around
Go as thou art going?

Dost thou dream that thou art free,
Making, destroying all that thou dost see,
In the unfettered might of thy soul's liberty?
Lo, an atom troubles thee,
One bodily fibre crushes thee,
One nerve tortures and maddens thee,
One drop of blood is death to thee.
Art thou but a withering leaf,
For a summer season brief
Clinging to the tree,
Till the winds of circumstance,
Whirling in their hourly dance,
Prove too much for thee?
Art thou but a speck, a mote
In the system universal?
Art thou but a passing note
Woven in the great Rehearsal?
Canst thou roll back the tide of Thought
And unmake the creed of the age,
And unteach the wisdom taught
By the prophet and the sage?
Art thou but a shadow
Chasing o'er a meadow?
The great world goes on
Spite of thy dreaming.
Not to thee alone
Hearts are making their moan,
And tear drops streaming,
And the mighty voice of Nature
Is thy parent, not thy creature,
Is no pupil, but thy teacher;
And the world would still move on,
Were thy soul forever flown.
For while thou dreamest on, enfolded
In Nature's wide embrace,
All thy life is daily moulded
By her informing grace.
And time and space must reign
And rule o'er thee forever,
And the Outworld lift its chain
From off thy spirit never;
But in the dream of thy half-waking fever,
Thou shalt be mocked with gleam and show
Of truths thou pinest for and yet canst never know.

And then the Spirit fled and left the Bard
Still wondering — for he felt that voices twain
Had come from different spheres with different truths,
That seemed at war and yet agreed in one.

C.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

THERE are some ages when all seem to look for a great man to come up at God's call, and deliver them from the evils they groan under. Then Humanity seems to lie with its forehead in the dust, calling on Heaven to send a man to save it. There are times when the powers of the race, though working with their wonted activity, appear so misdirected, that little permanent good comes from the efforts of the gifted; times when governments have little regard for the welfare of the subject, when popular forms of Religion have lost their hold on the minds of the thoughtful, and the consecrated augurs, while performing the accustomed rites, dare not look one another in the face, lest they laugh in public, and disturb the reverence of the people, their own having gone long before. Times there are, when the popular Religion does not satisfy the hunger and thirst of the people themselves. Then mental energy seems of little value, save to disclose and chronicle the sadness of the times. No great works of deep and wide utility are then undertaken for existing or future generations. Original works of art are not sculptured out of new thought. Men fall back on the achievements of their fathers; imitate and reproduce them, but take no steps in any direction into the untrodden infinite. Though Wealth and Selfishness pile up their marble and mortar as never before, yet the chisel, the pencil, and the pen, are prostituted to imitation. The artist does not travel beyond the actual. At such times, the rich are wealthy, only to be luxurious and dissolve the mind in the lusts of the flesh. The cultivated have skill and taste, only to mock, openly or in secret, at the forms of religion and its substance also; to devise new pleasures for themselves; pursue the study of some abortive science, some costly game, or dazzling art. When the people suffer for water and bread, the king digs fish-pools, that his parasites may fare on lampreys of unnatural size. Then the Poor are trodden down into the dust. The Weak bear the burden of the strong, and they, who do all the work of the world, who spin, and weave, and delve, and drudge, who build the palace, and supply the feast, are the only men that go hungry and bare, live

uncared for, and when they die, are huddled into the dirt, with none to say GOD BLESS YOU. Such periods have occurred several times in the world's history.

At these times man stands in frightful contrast with nature. He is dissatisfied, ill-fed, and poorly clad; while all nature through, there is not an animal, from the Mite to the Mammoth, but his wants are met and his peace secured by the great Author of all. Man knows not whom to trust, while the little creature that lives its brief moment in the dew-drop, which hangs on the violet's petal, enjoys perfect tranquillity so long as its little life runs on. Man is in doubt, distress, perpetual trouble; afraid to go forward, lest he go wrong; fearful of standing still, lest he fall, while the meanest worm that crawls under his feet, is all and enjoys all its nature allows, and the stars over head go smoothly as ever on their way.

At such times, men call for a great man, who can put himself at the head of their race, and lead them on, free from their troubles. There is a feeling in the heart of us all, that as Sin came by man, and Death by Sin, so by man, under Providence, must come also Salvation from that Sin, and Resurrection from that Death. We feel, all of us, that for every wrong, there is a right somewhere, had we but the skill to find it. This call for a great man is sometimes long and loud, before he comes, for he comes not of man's calling but of God's appointment.

This was the state of mankind many centuries ago, before Jesus was born at Bethlehem. Scarce ever had there been an age, when a deliverer was more needed. The world was full of riches. Wealth flowed into the cities, a Pactolian tide. Fleets swam the ocean. The fields were full of cattle and corn. The high-piled warehouse at Alexandria and Corinth groaned with the munitions of luxury, the product of skilful hands. Delicate women, the corrupted and the corrupters of the world's metropolis, scarce veiled their limbs in garments of gossamer, fine as woven wind. Metals and precious stones vied with each other to render Loveliness more lovely, and Beauty more attractive, or oftener to stimulate a jaded taste, and whip the senses to their work. Nature, with that exquisite irony men admire but cannot imitate — used the virgin lustre of the gem, to reveal, more plain, the moral ugliness of such

as wore the gaud. The very marble seemed animate to bud and blossom into Palace and Temple. But alas for man in those days. The Strong have always known one part of their duty; — how to take care of themselves; and so have laid burthens on weak men's shoulders, but the more difficult part, how to take care of the weak, their natural clients, they neither knew nor practised so well even as now. If the history of the strong is ever written, as such, it will be the record of rapine and murder, from Cain to Cush, from Nimrod to Napoleon.

In that age men cried for a great man, and wonderful to tell, the prophetic spirit of human nature, which detects events in their causes, and by its profound faith in the invisible, sees both the cloud and the star, before they come up to the horizon, — foretold the advent of such a man. "An ancient and settled opinion," says a Roman writer, "had spread over all the East, that it was fated at this time, for some one to arise out of Judea, and rule the world." We find this expectation in many shapes, psalm and song, poem and prophecy. We sometimes say this prediction was miraculous, while it appears, rather as the natural forecast of hearts, which believe God has a remedy for each disease, and balm for every wound. The expectation of relief is deep and certain with such, just as the evil is imminent and dreadful. If it have lasted long and spread wide, men only look for a greater man. This fact shows how deep in the soul lies that religious element, which sees clearest in the dark, when understanding cannot see at all, which hopes most, when there is least ground, but most need of hope. But men go too far in their expectations. Their Faith stimulates their Fancy, which foretells what the deliverer shall be. In this, men are always mistaken. Heaven has endowed the race of men with but little invention. So in those times of trouble, they look back to the last peril, and hope for a redeemer like him they had before; greater it may be, but always of the same kind. This same poverty of invention and habit of thinking the future must reproduce the past, appears in all human calculations. If some one had told the amanuensis of Julius Cæsar, that in eighteen centuries, men would be able in a few hours to make a perfect copy of a book twenty times as great as all his master's com-

mentaries and history, he would pronounce it impossible; for he could think of none but the old method of a Scribe forming each word with a pen letter by letter; never anticipating the modern way of printing with a rolling press driven by steam. So if some one had told Joab, that two thousand years after his day, men in war would kill one another with a missile half an ounce in weight, and would send it three or four hundred yards, driving it through a shirt of mail, or a plough share of iron, he would think but of a common bow and arrows, and say it cannot be. What would Zeuxis have thought of a portrait made in thirty seconds, exact as nature, penciled by the Sun himself? Now men make mistakes in their expectation of a deliverer. The Jews were once raised to great power by David, and again rescued from distress and restored from exile by Cyrus, a great conqueror and a just man. Therefore the next time they fell into trouble, they expected another King like David, or Cyrus, who should come, perhaps in the clouds, with a great army to do much more than either David or Cyrus had done. This was the current expectation, that when the Redeemer came, he should be a great general, commander of an army, King of the Jews. He was to restore the exiles, defeat their foes, and revive the old theocracy to which other nations should be subservient.

Their deliverer comes; but instead of a noisy general, a king begirt with the pomp of oriental royalty, there appears one of the lowliest of men. His Kingdom was of Truth, and therefore not of this world. He drew no sword; uttered no word of violence; did not complain when persecuted, but took it patiently; did not exact a tooth for a tooth, nor pay a blow with a blow, but loved men who hated him. This conqueror, who was to come with great pomp, perhaps in the clouds, with an army numerous as the locusts, at whose every word, kingdoms were to shake — appears; born in a stable, of the humblest extraction; the companion of fishermen, living in a town, whose inhabitants were so wicked, men thought nothing good could come of it. The means he brought for the salvation of his race were quite as surprising as the Saviour himself; not armies on earth, or in heaven; not even new tables of laws; but a few plain directions, copied out from the prim-

itive and eternal Scripture God wrote in the heart of man, — the true Protevangelium, — LOVE MAN; LOVE GOD; RESIST NOT EVIL; ASK AND RECEIVE. These were the weapons with which to pluck the oppressor down from his throne; to destroy the conquerors of the world; dislodge sin from high places and low places; uplift the degraded, and give weary and desperate human nature a fresh start! How disappointed men would have looked, could it have been made clear to them, that this was now the only deliverer Heaven was sending to their rescue. But this could not be; their recollection of past deliverance, and their prejudice of the future based on this recollection, blinded their eyes. They said, "This is not he; when the Christ cometh no man shall know whence he is. But we know this is the Nazarene carpenter, the Son of Joseph and Mary." Men treated this greatest of Saviours as his humble brothers had always been treated. Even his disciples were not faithful; one betrayed him with a kiss; the rest forsook him and fled; his enemies put him to death, adding ignominy to their torture, and little thinking this was the most effectual way to bring about the end he sought, and scatter the seed, whence the whole race was to be blessed for many a thousand years.

There is scarce anything in nature more astonishing to a reflective mind, than the influence of one man's thought and feeling over another, and on thousands of his fellows. There are few voices in the world, but many echos, and so the history of the world is chiefly the rise and progress of the thoughts and feelings of a few great men. Let a man's outward position be what it may, that of a slave or a King, or an apparent idler in a busy Metropolis, if he have more wisdom, Love, and Religion, than any of his fellow mortals, their Mind, Heart, and Soul are put in motion even against their will, and they cannot stand where they stood before, though they close their eyes never so stiffly. The general rule holds doubly strong in this particular case. This poor Galilean peasant, son of the humblest people, born in an ox's crib, who at his best estate had not where to lay his head; who passed for a fanatic with his townsmen, and even with his brothers, — children of the same parents; — who was reckoned a lunatic — a very madman, or counted as one possessed of a devil, by grave, re-

spectable folk about Jerusalem, who was put to death as a Rebel and Blasphemer at the instance of Pharisees, the High-priest, and other sacerdotal functionaries — he stirred men's mind, heart, and soul, as none before nor since has done, and produced a revolution in human affairs, which is even now greater than all other revolutions, though it has hitherto done but a little of its work.

He looked trustfully up to the Father of all. Because he was faithful God inspired him, till his judgment, in religious matters, seems to have become certain as instinct, infallible as the law of gravitation, and his will irresistible, because it was no longer partial, but God's will flowing through him. He gave voice to the new thought which streamed on him, asking no question whether Moses or Solomon, in old time, had thought as he; nor whether Gamaliel and Herod would vouch for the doctrine now. He felt that in him was something greater than Moses or Solomon, and he did not, as many have done, dishonor the greater, to make a solemn mockery of serving the less. He spoke what he felt, fearless as Truth. He lived in blameless obedience to his sentiment and his principle. With him there was no great gulf between Thought and Action, Duty and Life. If he saw sin in the land, — and when or where could he look and not see that last of the giants? — he gave warning to all who would listen. Before the single eye of this man, still a youth, the reverend vails fell off from antiquated falsehood; the looped and windowed livery of Abraham dropped from recreant limbs, and the child of the Devil stood there, naked but not unshamed. He saw that blind men, the leaders and the led, were hastening to the same ditch. Well might he weep for the slain of his people, and cry "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem"! Few heard his cries, for it seems fated, that when the Son of man comes he shall *not* find faith on the Earth. Pity alike for the oppressed and the oppressor, — and a boundless love, even for the unthankful and the merciless, burned in his breast, and shed their light and warmth wherever he turned his face. His thought was heavenly; his life only revealed his thought. His soul appeared in his words, on which multitudes were fed. Prejudice itself confessed — "never man spake like this." His feeling and his thought assumed a form more beauteous still, and a

whole divine life was wrought out on the earth, and stands there yet, the imperishable type of human achievement, the despair of the superstitious, but the Way, the Truth, and the Life to holy souls. His word of doctrine was uttered gently as the invisible dew comes down on the rose of Engaddi, but it told as if a thunderbolt smote the globe. It brought fire and sword to the dwelling place of hoary Sin. Truth sweeps clean off every refuge of lies, that she may do her entire work.

A few instances show how these words wrought in the world. The sons of Zebedee were so ambitious they would arrogate to themselves the first place in the new kingdom, thinking it a realm where selfishness should hold dominion — so bloody-minded, they would call down fire from Heaven to burn up such men as would not receive the Teacher. But the Spirit of gentleness subdues the selfish passion, and the son of thunder becomes the gentle John, who says only, "Little children, love one another." This same word passes into Simon Peter also, the crafty, subtle, hasty, selfish son of Jonas; the first to declare the Christ; the first to promise fidelity, but the first likewise to deny him, and the first to return to his fishing. It carries this disciple — though perhaps never wholly regenerated — all over the eastern world; and he, who had shrunk from the fear of persecution, now glories therein, and counts it all joy, when he falls into trouble on account of the word. With Joseph of Arimathea "an honorable counsellor," and Nicodemus "a ruler of the Jews," the matter took another turn. We never hear of them in the history of trial. They slunk back into the Synagogue, it may be; wore garments long as before, and phylacteries of the broadest; were called of men "Rabbi," "sound, honorable men, who knew what they were about," "men not to be taken in." It is not of such men God makes Reformers, Apostles, Prophets. It is not for such pusillanimous characters, to plunge into the cold, hard stream of Truth, as it breaks out of the mountain and falls from the rock of ages. They wait till the stream widens to a river, the river expands its accumulated waters to a lake, quiet as a mirror. Then they confide themselves in their delicate and trim-wrought skiff to its silvery bosom, to be wafted by gentle winds into a quiet haven of repose. Such men do not take up Truth, when she has fallen by

the way-side. It might grieve their friends. It would compromise their interests; would not allow them to take their ease in their inn, for such they regard their station in the world. Besides, the thing was new. How could Joseph and Nicodemus foretell it would prevail? It might lead to disturbance; its friends fall into trouble. The kingdom of Heaven offered no safe "investment" for ease and reputation, as now. Doubtless there were in Jerusalem great questionings of heart among Pharisees, and respectable men, Scribes and doctors of the law, when they heard of the new teacher and his doctrine so deep and plain. There must have been a severe struggle in many bosoms, between the conviction of duty and social sympathies which bound the man to what was most cherished by flesh and blood.

The beautiful gospel found few adherents and little toleration with men learned in the law, burthened wi h its minute intricacies, devoted to the mighty consideration of small particulars. But the true disciples of the inward life felt the word, which others only listened for, and they could not hush up the matter. It would not be still. So they took up the ark of truth, where Jesus set it down, and bore it on. They perilled their lives. They left all — comfort, friends, home, wife, the embraces of their children — the most precious comfort the poor man gets out of the cold, hard world; they went naked and hungry; were stoned and spit upon; scourged in the synagogues; separated from the company of the sons of Abraham; called the vilest of names; counted as the off-scouring of the world. But it did them good. This was the sifting Satan gave the disciples, and the chaff went its way, as chaff always does; but the seed-wheat fell into good ground; now, nations are filled with bread which comes of the apostles' sowing and watering, and God giving the increase.

To some men the spread of Christianity in two centuries appears wonderful. To others it is the most natural thing in the world. It could not help spreading. Things most needful to all are the easiest to comprehend, the world over. Thus every Savage in Otaheite knows there is a God; while only four or five men in Christendom understand his nature, essence, personality, and "know all about Him."

Thus while the great work of a modern scholar, which explains the laws of the material heavens, has never probably been mastered by three hundred persons, and perhaps there is not now on earth half that number, who can read and understand it, without further preparation, the Gospel, the word of Jesus, which sets forth the laws of the soul, can be understood by any pious girl fourteen years old, of ordinary intelligence, with no special preparation at all, and still forms the daily bread, and very life of whole millions of men.

Primitive Christianity was a very simple thing, apart from the individual errors connected with it; two great speculative maxims set forth its essential doctrines, "Love man," and "Love God." It had also two great practical maxims, which grew out of the speculative, "we that are strong ought to bear the burthens of the weak," and "we must give good for evil." These maxims lay at the bottom of the apostles' minds, and the top of their hearts. These explain their conduct; account for their courage; give us the reason of their faith, their strength, their success. The proclaimers of these maxims set forth the life of a man in perfect conformity therewith. If their own practice fell short of their preaching, — which sometimes happens spite of their zeal — there was the measure of a perfect man, to which they had not attained, but which lay in their future progress. Other matters which they preached, that there was one God; that the soul never dies, were known well enough before, and old heathens, in centuries gone by, had taught these doctrines quite as distinctly as the apostles, and the latter much more plainly than the Gospels. These new teachers had certain other doctrines peculiar to themselves, which hindered the course of truth more than they helped it, and which have perished with their authors.

No wonder the apostles prevailed with such doctrines, set off or recommended by a life, which — notwithstanding occasional errors — was single-hearted, lofty, full of self-denial and sincere manliness. "All men are brothers," said the Apostles; "their duty is to keep the law God wrote eternally on the heart, to keep this without fear." The forms and rites they made use of; their love-feasts, and Lord's-Suppers; their baptismal and funeral ceremonies, were things indifferent, of no value, save only as helps.

Like the cloak Paul left behind at Troas, and the fishing-coat of Simon Peter, they were to serve their turn, and then be laid aside. They were no more to be perpetual, than the sheep skins and goat skins, which likewise have apostolical authority in favor of their use. In an age of many forms, Christianity fell in with the times. It wore a Jewish dress at Jerusalem, and a Grecian costume at Thessalonica. It became all things to all men. Some rites of the early Church seem absurd as many of the latter; but all had a meaning once, or they would not have been. Men of New England would scarce be willing to worship as Barnabas and Clement did; nor could Bartholomew and Philip be satisfied with our simpler form, it is possible. Each age of the world has its own way, which the next smiles at as ridiculous. Still the four maxims, mentioned above, give the spirit of primitive Christianity, the life of the Apostles' life.

It is not marvellous these men were reckoned unsafe persons. Nothing in the world is so dangerous and untractable in a false state of society, as one who loves man and God. You cannot silence him by threat or torture; nor scare him with any fear. Set in the stocks to-day, he harangues men in public to-morrow. "Herod will kill thee," says one. "Go and tell that fox, behold I cast out devils, and deceivers to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected," is the reply. Burn or behead such men, and out of their blood, and out of their ashes, there spring up others, who defy you to count them, and say, "come, kill us, if you list, we shall never be silent." Love begets love, the world over, and martyrdom makes converts certain as steel sparks, when smitten against the flint. If a fire is to burn in the woods — let it be blown upon.

Primitive Christianity did not owe its spread to the address of its early converts. They boast of this fact. The Apostles, who held these four maxims, were plain men; very rough Galilean fishermen; rude in speech, and not over courteous in address, if we may credit the epistles of Paul and James. They had incorrect notions in many points, which both we and they deem vital. Some of them — perhaps all — expected a resurrection of the body; others, that the Jewish law, with its burthensome rites and ostentatious ceremonies, was to be perpetual, binding on all

Christians and the human race. Some fancied — as it appears — that Jesus had expiated the sins of all mankind; others that he had existed before he was born into this world. These were doctrines of Jewish and Heathen parentage. All of these men — so far as the New Testament enables us to judge — looked for the visible return of Jesus to the earth, with clouds and great glory, and expected the destruction of the world, and that in very few years. The facts are very plain to all, who will read the epistles and gospels, in spite of the dust which interpreters cast in the eyes of common sense. Some apocryphal works, perhaps older than the canonical, certainly accepted as authentic in some of the early churches, relate the strangest marvels about the doings and sayings of Jesus, designing thereby to exhibit the greatness of his character, while they show how little that was understood. We all know what the canonical writings contain on this head, and from these two sources can derive much information, as to the state of opinion among the apostles and their immediate successors. Simon Peter, notwithstanding his visions, seems always to have been in bondage to the law of sin and death, if we may trust Paul's statement in the epistle; James — if the letter be his — had irrational notions on some points, and even Paul, the largest-minded of them all, was not disposed to allow woman the rights, which Reason claims for the last creation of God. But what if these men were often mistaken, and sometimes on matters of great moment? We need not deny the fact, for the sake of an artificial theory snatched out of the air. It is not expedient to lie in behalf of truth, however common it has been. We need not fear Christianity shall fall, because Christians were mistaken in any age. Were human beings ever free from errors of opinion; imperfection in action? Has the nature of things changed, and did the earth bring forth superhuman men in the first century? It does not appear. But underneath these mistakes, errors, follies of the primitive Christians, there beat the noble heart of religious love, which sent life into their every limb. Those maxims, they had learned from Jesus, seen exhibited in his life, found written on their heart, — these did the work, spite of the imperfection and passions of the apostles, Paul withstanding Peter to the face, and predicting events that

never came to pass. The nobleness of the heart found its way up to the head, and neutralized errors of thought.

By means of these causes the doctrines spread. The expecting people felt their deliverer had come, and welcomed the glad tidings. Each year brought new converts to the work, and the zeal of the Christian burnt brighter with his success. Paul undertook many missions, and the word of God grew mightily and prevailed. In him we see a striking instance of the power of real Christianity to recast the character. We cannot forbear to dwell a moment on the theme.

There are two classes of men, who come to Religion. Some seem to be born spiritual. They are aboriginal saints; natives of Heaven, whom accident has stranded on the earth; men of few passions, of no tendency to violence, anger, or excess in anything. They do not hesitate, between right and wrong, but go the true way as naturally as the bird takes to the air, and the fish to the water, because it is their natural element, and they cannot help it. Reason and Religion seem to be coeval. Their Christianity and their consciousness are of the same date. Desire and Duty, putting in the warp and woof, weave harmoniously, like sisters, the many-coloured web of life. To these men life is easy; it is not that long warfare which it is to so many. It costs them nothing to be good. Their desires are dutiful; their duties desirable. They have no virtue, which implies struggle. They are goodness all over, which is the harmony of all the powers. Their action is their repose; their religion their self-indulgence; their daily life the most perfect worship. Say what we will of the world, these men, who are angels born, are happier in their lot than such as are only angels bred, whose religion is not a matter of birth but of hard earnings. They start in their flight to Heaven from an eminence, which other souls find it arduous to attain, and roll down like the stone of Sisyphus many times in the perilous ascent. Paul was not born of this nobility of Heaven.

The other class are men of will; hard, iron men, who have passions and doubts and fears, and a whole legion of appetites in their bosom, but yet come armed with a strong sense of duty, a masculine intellect, a tendency upwards towards God, a great heart of flesh, contracting and ex-

panding between self-love, and love of man. These are the men who feel the puzzle of the world, and are taken with its fever; stout-hearted, strong-headed men, who love strongly and hate with violence, and do with their might whatever they do at all. These are the men that make the heroes of the world. They break the way in Philosophy and Science; they found colonies; lead armies; make laws; construct systems of theology; form sects in the Church; a yoke of iron will not hold them, nor that of public opinion, more difficult to break. When these men become religious, they are beautiful as angels. The fire of God falls on them; it consumes their dross; the uncorrupted gold remains in virgin purity. Once filled with Religion, their zeal never cools. You shall not daunt them with the hissing of the great and learned; nor scare them with the roar of the street, or the armies of a king. To these men the axe of the headsman, yes all the tortures, malice can devise or tyrany inflict, are as nothing. The resolute soul puts down the flesh, and finds in embers a bed of roses. To this class belonged Paul, a man evidently quick to see, stern to resolve, and immovable in executing; a man of iron will, that nothing could break down; of strong moral sense, deep religious faith and a singular greatness of heart towards his fellow men, but yet furnished with an overpowering energy of passion, which might warp his moral sense, his faith, his philanthropy aside, and make him a bigot, the slave of superstition, a fanatic, perverse as Loyola, and desperate as Saint Dominic. In him the good and the evil of the old dispensation seemed to culminate; for he had all the piety of David, which charms us in the shepherd-Psalm; all the diabolic hatred, which appears in the curses of that king, who was so wondrous a mixture of heaven, earth, and hell. In addition to this natural character, Paul received a Jewish education, at the feet of Gamaliel — a Pharisee of the straitest sect. His earlier life at Tarsus, brought him in contact with the Greeks, intensifying his bigotry for the time, but yet facilitating his escape from the shackles of a worn-out ritual.

It is easy to see how the doctrines of Jesus would strike the young Pharisee, fresh from the study of the Law. Christianity set aside all he valued most; struck down the Law; held the prophets of small account; put off the ritual, de-

clared the temple no better place to pray in than a fisher's boat; affirmed all men to be brothers, thus denying the merit of descent from Abraham, but declared, if any one loved God and man he should have treasure in Heaven, and inspiration while on earth. No wonder the old Pharisee whose soul was caught in the letter; no wonder the young Pharisee accustomed to swear by the old, felt pricked in their hearts and gnashed with their teeth. It is a hard thing, no doubt, for men, who count themselves children of Abraham, to be proved children of a very different stock, dutiful sons of the great father of lies. It is easy to fancy what Paul would think of the arrogance of the new teacher, to call himself greater than Solomon, or Jonah, and profess to see deeper down than the Law ever went; what of the presumption of the disciples, "unlearned and ignorant men," to pretend to teach doctrines wiser than Moses, when they could not read the letter of his word. It is no wonder he breathed out fire and slaughter, and "persecuted them even unto strange cities." But it is dangerous to go too far in pursuit of heretical game. Men sometimes rouse up a lion, when they look for a linnet, and the eater is himself eaten. But Paul had a good conscience in this. He believed what came of the fathers, never applying common sense to his theology, nor asking if these things be so. He thought he did God service by debasing His image, and helping to stone Stephen. At length he becomes a Christian in thought. We know not how the change took place. Perhaps he thought it miraculous, for, in common with most of his times and country, he never drew a sharp line between the common and the supernatural. He seems often to have dwelt in that cloudy land, where all things have a strange and marvellous aspect.

A later contemporary of Paul relates some of the most remarkable events, as he deemed them, which occurred in those times. He gives occasionally minute details of the superstition, crime, and madness of the emperors of Rome. But the most remarkable event, which occurred for some centuries after Tiberius, he never speaks of. Probably he knew nothing of it. Had he heard thereof, it would have seemed inconsiderable to this chronicler of imperial follies. But the journey from Jerusalem to Damascus of a young man named Saul — if we regard its cause and its conse-

quences, was a more wonderful event than the world saw for the next thousand years. Men thought little of its result at the time. The gossips of the day had specious reasons, no doubt, for Paul's sudden conversion, and said he was disappointed of preferment in the old state of things, and hoped for an easy living in the new; that he loved the distinction and notoriety the change would give him, and hoped also for the loaves and fishes, then so abundant in the new church. Doubtless there were some who said, "Paul is beside himself." But King Herod Agrippa took no notice of the matter. He was too busy with his dreams of ambition and lust to heed what befel a tent-maker from a Cilician city, in his journey from Jerusalem to Damascus. Yet from that time the history of the world turns on this point. If Paul had not been raised up by the Almighty, for this very work, so to say — who shall tell us how long Christianity would have lain concealed under the Jewish prejudice of its earlier disciples? These things are for no mortal to discover. But certain it is that Paul found the Christians an obscure Jewish sect, full of zeal and love, but narrow and bigotted; in bondage to the letter of old Hebrew institutions; but he left them a powerfull band in all great cities, free men by the law of the Spirit of life. It seems doubtful, that Peter, James, or John would have given Christianity its natural form of universal faith.

There must have been a desperate struggle before Paul became a Christian. He must renounce all the prejudices of the Jew and the Pharisee, and the idols of the Tribe and the Den, are the last a man gives up. He must be abandoned by his friends, the wise, the learned, the venerable. Few men know of the battle between new convictions and old social sympathies; but it is of the severest character; a war of extermination. He must condemn all his past conduct; lose the reputation of consistency; leave all the comforts of society, all chance of reputation among men; be counted as a thief and murderer; perhaps be put to death. But the truth conquered. We think it easy to decide as Paul, forgetting that many things become plain after the result, which were dim and doubtful before.

When the young man had decided in favor of Christian-

ity, he would require some instruction in matters pertaining to the heavenly doctrine we should suppose, — taking the popular views of Christianity, which make it an historical thing, depending on personal authority, or eyewitness, and external events as the only possible proof of internal truths. He would go and sit down with the twelve and listen to their talk, and learn of all the miracles, how Jesus raised the young man, the maiden, called Lazarus from the tomb; how he changed the water into wine, and fed the five thousand; he would go to Martha and Mary to learn the recondite doctrine of the Saviour; to the Mother of Jesus, to inquire about his birth of the holy spirit. But the thing went different. He did not go to Peter, the chief apostle; nor to John, the beloved disciple; nor James, the Lord's brother. "I conferred not with flesh and blood," says the new convert, "neither went I up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before me, but I went into Arabia." Three years afterwards, for the first time, he had an interview with Peter and James. Fourteen years later he went up to Jerusalem, to compare notes, as it were, with those "who seemed to be somewhat." They could tell him nothing new. At last — many years after the commencement of his active ministry — James, Peter, and John, give him the right hand of their fellowship. Paul, it seems, had heard of the great doctrines of Jesus, and out of their principles developed his scheme of Christianity, — not a very difficult task, one would fancy, for a plain man, who reckoned Christianity was love of man, and love of God. In those days the gospels were not written, nor yet the epistles. Christianity had no history, except that Jesus lived, preached, was crucified, and appeared after his crucifixion. Therefore the gospel Paul preached might well enough be different from those now in our hands. Certainly Paul never mentions a miracle of Jesus; says nothing of his superhuman birth. Had he known of these things, a man of his strong love of the marvellous would scarcely be silent.

In him primitive Christianity appears to the greatest advantage. It shone in his heart, like the rising sun chasing away the mist and clouds of night. His prejudices went first; his passions next. Soon he is on foot journeying the world over to proclaim the faith, which once he de-

stroyed. Where are his bigotry, prejudice, hatred, his idols of the Tribe and the Den? The flame of Religion has consumed them all. Forth he goes to the work; the strong passion, the unconquerable will are now directed in the same channel with his love of man. His mighty soul wars with Heathenism, declaring an idol is nothing; with Judaism, to announce that the Law has passed away; with Folly and Sin, to declare them of the Devil, and lead men to Truth and Peace. The resolute apostle goes flaming forth in his ministry. A soul more robust, great-hearted, and manly does not appear in history, for some centuries at the least. Danger is nothing; persecution nothing. It only puts the keener edge on his well-tempered spirit. He is content and joyful at bearing all the reproaches man can lay on him. There was nothing sham in Paul. He felt what he said, which is common enough. But he lived what he felt, which is not so common. What wonder that such a man made converts, overcame violence, and helped the truth to triumph? It were wonderful, if he had not. Take away the life and influence of Paul, the Christian world is a different thing; we cannot tell what it would have been. Under his hands, and those of his coadjutors, the new faith spreads from heart to heart, till many thousands own the name, and amid all the persecution that follows, the pious of the earth celebrate such a jubilee as the sun never saw before.

However it was not among the great and refined, but the low and the rude, that the faith found its early confessors. Men came up faint and hungry, from the high-ways and hedges of society, to eat the bread of life at God's table. They ate and were filled. Here it is that all Religions take their rise. The sublime faith of the Hebrews began in a horde of slaves. The Christian has a carpenter for its revealer; fishermen for its first disciples; a tent-maker for its chief apostle. Yet these men could stand before kings' courts — and Felix trembled at Paul's reasoning. Yes, the world trembled at such reasoning. And when whole multitudes gave in their adhesion; when the common means of tyranny, prisons, racks, and the cross failed to repress "this detestable superstition," as ill-natured Tacitus calls it; but when two thousand men and women, delicate maidens, and men newly married, come to the Prætor, and

say, "We are Christians all; kill us if you will; we cannot change;" then for the first time official persons begin to look into the matter, and inquire for the cause, which makes women heroines, and young men martyrs. There are always enough to join any folly because it is new. But when the headsman's axe gleams under his apron, or slaves erect a score of crosses in the market-place, and men see the mangled limbs of brothers, fathers, and sons huddled into bloody sacks, or thrown to the dogs, it requires some heart to bear up, accept a new faith, and renounce mortal life.

It is sometimes asked, what made so many converts to Christianity, under such fearful circumstances? The answer depends on the man. Most men apply the universal solvent, and call it a miracle — an overstepping of the laws of mind. The Apostles had miraculous authority; Peter had miraculous revelations; Paul a miraculous conversion; both visions, and other miraculous assistance all their life. That they taught by miracles. But what could it be? The *authority* of the teachers? The authority of a Jewish peasant would not have passed for much at Ephesus or Alexandria, at Lycaonia or Rome. Were they infallibly inspired, so that they could not err, in doctrine, or practice? Thus it has been taught. But their opponents did not believe it; their friends knew nothing of it, or there had been no sharp dissension between Paul and Barnabas, nor any disagreement of Paul with Peter. They themselves seem never to have dreamed of such an infallibility, or they would not change their plans and doctrine as Peter did, nor need instruction as Titus, Timothy, and all the primitive teachers to whom James sent the circular epistle of the first synod. If they had believed themselves infallibly inspired, they would not assemble a council of all to decide, what each infallible person could determine, as well as all the spirits and angels together. Still less could any discussion arise among the apostles as to the course to be pursued. Was it their *learning* that gave them success? They could not even interpret the Psalms, without making the most obvious mistakes, as any one may see, who reads the book of Acts. Was it their *eloquence*, their miraculous gift of tongues? What was the eloquence of Peter, or James, when Paul, their chief apostle, was weak in bodily presence, and con-

temptible in speech? No, it was none of these things. They had somewhat more convincing than authority; wiser than learning; more persuasive than eloquence. Men *felt* the doctrine was true and divine. They saw its truth and divinity mirrored in the life of these rough men; they heard the voice of God in their own hearts say, it is true. They tried it by the standard God has placed in the heart, and it stood the test. They saw the effect it had on Christians themselves, and said, "Here at least is something divine, for men do not gather grapes of thorns." When men came out from hearing Peter or Paul set forth the Christian doctrine and apply it to life, they did not say, "what a moving speaker; how beautifully he 'divides the word;' how he mixes the light of the sun, and the roar of torrents, and the sublimity of the stars, as it were, in his speech; what a melting voice; what graceful gestures; what beautiful similes gathered from all the arts, sciences, poetry, and nature herself." It was not with such reflections they entertained their journey home. They said, "what shall we do to be saved?"

Primitive Christianity was a wonderful element, as it came into the world. Like a two-edged sword, it cut down through all the follies and falseness of four thousand years. It acknowledged what was good and true in all systems, and sought to show its own agreement with goodness and truth, wherever found. It told men what they were. It bade them hope, look upon the light, and aspire after the most noble end — to be complete men, to be reconciled to the will of God, and so become one with him. It gave the world assurance of a man, by showing one whose life was beautiful as his doctrine, and his doctrine combined all the excellence of all former teachers, and went before the world, thousands of years. It told men there was one God — who had made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and was a father to each man. It showed that all men are brothers. Believing in these doctrines, seeing the greatness of man's nature in the very ruins sin had wrought; filled with the beauty of a good life, the comforting thought, that God is always near, and ready to help, no wonder men felt moved in their heart. The life of the apostles and early Christians, the self-denial they practised, their readiness to endure persecution, their love one for the other, beautifully enforced the words of truth and love.

One of the early champions of the faith appeals in triumph to the excellence of Christians, which even Julian of a later day was forced to confess. You know the Christians soon as you see them, he says; they are not found in taverns, nor places of infamous resort; they neither game, nor lie, nor steal, attend the baths, or the theatres; they are not selfish but loving. The multitude looked on, at first to see "whereunto the thing would grow." They saw, and said, see how these Christians love one another; how the new religion takes down the selfishness of the proud, makes avarice charitable, and the voluptuary self-denying.

This new spirit of piety, of love to man, and love to God, the active application of the great Christian maxims to life, led to a manly religion; not to that pale-faced pietism which hangs its head on Sundays, and does nothing but whine out its sentimental cant on week-days, in hopes to make this drivelling pass current for real manly excellence. No; it led to a noble, upright frame of mind, heart, and soul, and in this way it conquered the world. The first apostles of Christianity were persuasive, through the power of truth. They told what they had felt. They had been under the Law, and knew its thraldom; they had escaped from the iron furnace, and could teach others the way. No doubt the wisest of them was in darkness on many points. Their general ignorance, in the eyes of the scholar, must have stood in strange contrast with their clear view of religious truth. It seems, as Paul says, that God had chosen the foolish and the weak, to confound the mighty and the wise. Now we have accomplished scholars, skilled in all the lore of the world, accomplished orators; but who does the work of Paul, and Timothy? Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings praise was perfected; out of the mouth of clerks and orators what do we get? — Well said Jeremiah, "The prophets shall become wind, and the word not be in them."

If we come from the days of the apostles to their successors, and still later, we find the errors of the first teachers have become magnified; the truth of Christianity is dim; men had wandered farther from that great light God sent into the world. The errors of the Pagans, the Jews, the errors of obstinate men, who loved to rule God's heritage

better than to be ensamples unto the flock, had worked their way. The same freedom did not prevail as before. The word of God had become a letter; men looked back, not forward. Superstition came into the church. The rites of Christianity — its accidents, not its substance — held an undue place; ascetism was esteemed more than hitherto. The body began to be reckoned unholy; Christ regarded as a God, not a man living as God commands. Then the Priest was separated from the people, and a flood of evils came upon the church, and accomplished what persecution with her headsmen, and her armies never could effect. Christianity was grossly corrupted long before it ascended the throne of the world. But for this corruption it would have found no place in the court of Rome or Byzantium. Still in the writings of early Christians, of Tertullian and Cyprian, for example, we find a real living spirit, spite of the superstition, bigotry, and falseness too obvious in the men. They spake because they had somewhat to say, and were earnest in their speech. You come down from the writings of Seneca to Cyprian, you miss the elegant speech, the wonderful mastery over language, and the stores of beautiful imagery, with which that hard, bombastic Roman sets off his thought. But in the Christian — you find an earnestness and a love of man, which the Roman had not, and a fervent piety, to which he made no pretension. But alas, for the superstition of the Bishop, his austerity and unchristian doctrines! It remains doubtful, whether an enlightened man, who had attained a considerable growth in religious excellence, would not justly have preferred the Religion of Seneca to that of Cyprian; but there is no doubt such an one would have accepted with joyful faith the religion of Jesus — the primitive Christianity undefiled by men. To come down from the Christianity of Christ, to the Religion popularly taught in the churches of New England, and we ask can it be this for which men suffered martyrdom — this, which changed the face of the world? Is this matter, for which sect contends with sect, to save the Heathen world? Christianity was a simple thing in Paul's time; in Christ's it was simpler still. But what is it now? A modern writer somewhat quaintly says, the early writers of the Christian church knew what Christianity was, they were the *fathers*; the scholastics and philosophers of the

dark ages knew what Reason was; they were the *doctors*; the religionists of modern times know neither what is Christianity, nor what Reason; they are the *scrutators*.

P.

BETTINE BRENTANO AND HER FRIEND GÜNDERODE.

Bettine Brentano's letters to Goethe, published under the title of Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, are already well known among us and met with a more cordial reception from readers in general than could have been expected. Even those who are accustomed to measure the free movements of art by the conventions that hedge the path of daily life, who, in great original creations, seek only intimations of the moral character borne by the author in his private circle, and who, had they been the contemporaries of Shakspeare, would have been shy of visiting the person who took pleasure in the delineation of a Falstaff; — even those whom Byron sneers at as "the garrison people," suffered themselves to be surprised in their intrenchments, by the exuberance and wild, youthful play of Bettine's genius, and gave themselves up to receive her thoughts and feelings in the spirit which led her to express them. They felt that here was one whose only impulse was to *live*, — to unfold and realize her nature, and they forgot to measure what she did by her position in society.

There have been a few exceptions of persons who judged the work unworthily, who showed entire insensibility to its fulness of original thought and inspired fidelity to nature, and vulgarized by their impure looks the innocent vagaries of youthful idolatry. But these have been so few that, this time, the vulgar is not the same with the mob, but the reverse.

If such was its reception from those long fettered by custom, and crusted over by artificial tastes, with what joy was it greeted by those of free intellect and youthful eager heart. So very few printed books are in any wise a faithful transcript of life, that the possession of one really sincere made an era in many minds, unlocking tongues that

had long been silent as to what was dearest and most delicate in their experiences, or most desired for the future, and making the common day and common light rise again to their true value, since it was seen how fruitful they had been to this one person. The meteor playing in our sky diffused there an electricity and a light, which revealed unknown attractions in seemingly sluggish substances, and lured many secrets from the dim recesses in which they had been cowering for years, unproductive, cold, and silent.

Yet, while we enjoyed this picture of a mind tuned to its highest pitch by the desire of daily ministering to an idolized object; while we were enriched by the results of the Child's devotion to him, hooted at by the Philistines as the "Old Heathen," but to her poetic apprehension "Jupiter, Apollo, all in one," we must feel that the relation in which she stands to Goethe is not a beautiful one. Idolatries are natural to youthful hearts noble enough for a passion beyond the desire for sympathy or the instinct of dependence, and almost all aspiring natures can recall a period when some noble figure, whether in life or literature, stood for them at the gate of heaven, and represented all the possible glories of nature and art. This worship is, in most instances, a secret worship; the still, small voice constantly rising in the soul to bid them harmonize the discords of the world, and distill beauty from imperfection, for another of kindred nature has done so. This figure whose achievements they admire is their St. Peter, holding for them the keys of Paradise, their model, their excitement to fulness and purity of life, their external conscience. When this devotion is silent, or only spoken out through our private acts, it is most likely to make the stair to heaven, and lead men on till suddenly they find the golden gate will open at their own touch, and they need neither mediator nor idol more. The same course is observable in the religion of nations, where the worship of Persons rises at last into free thought in the minds of Philosophers.

But when this worship is expressed, there must be singular purity and strength of character on the part both of Idol and Idolater, to prevent its degenerating into a mutual excitement of vanity, or mere infatuation.

"Thou art the only one worthy to inspire me;" cries one.

"Thou art the only one capable of understanding my inspiration," smiles back the other.

And clouds of incense rise to hide from both the free breath of heaven!

But if the idol stands there, grim and insensible, the poor votary will oftentimes redouble his sacrifices with passionate fervor, till the scene becomes as sad a farce as that of Juggernaut, and all that is dignified in human nature lies crushed and sullied by one superstitious folly.

An admiration restrained by self-respect; (I do not mean pride, but a sense that one's own soul is, after all, a regal power and a precious possession, which, if not now of as apparent magnificence, is of as high an ultimate destiny as that of another) honors the admirer no less than the admired. But humility is not groveling weakness, neither does bounty consist in prodigality; and the spendthrifts of the soul deserve to famish on husks for many days; for, if they had not wandered so far from the Father, he would have given them bread.

In short we are so admirably constituted, that excess anywhere must lead to poverty somewhere; and though he is mean and cold, who is incapable of free abandonment to a beautiful object, yet if there be not in the mind a counterpoising force, which draws us back to the centre in proportion as we have flown from it, we learn nothing from our experiment, and are not vivified but weakened by our love.

Something of this we feel with regard to Bettine and Goethe. The great poet of her nation, and representative of half a century of as high attainment as mind has ever made, was magnet strong enough to draw out the virtues of many beings as rich as she. His greatness was a household word, and the chief theme of pride in the city of her birth. To her own family he had personally been well known in all the brilliancy of his dawn. She had grown up in the atmosphere he had created. Seeing him up there on the mountain, he seemed to her all beautiful and majestic in the distant rosy light of its snow-peaks. Add a nature, like one of his own melodies, as subtle, as fluent, and as productive of minute flowers and mosses, we could not wonder if one so fitted to receive him, had made of her whole life a fair sculptured pedestal for this one figure.

All this would be well, or rather, not ill, if he were to her only an object of thought; but when the two figures are brought into open relation with one another; it is too unequal. Were Bettine, indeed, a child, she might bring her basket of flowers and strew them in his path without expecting even a smile in return. But to say nothing of the reckoning by years, which the curious have made, we constantly feel that she is not a child. She is so indeed when compared with him as to maturity of growth, but she is not so in their relation, and the degree of knowledge she shows of life and thought compels us to demand some conscious dignity of her as a woman. The great art where to stop is not evinced in all passages. Then Goethe is so cold, so repulsive, diplomatic, and courteously determined not to compromise himself. Had he assumed truly the paternal attitude, he might have been far more gentle and tender, he might have fostered all the beauteous blossoms of this young fancy, without ever giving us a feeling of pain and inequality. But he does not; there is an air as of an elderly guardian flirting cautiously with a giddy, inexperienced ward, or a Father Confessor, who, instead of through the holy office raising and purifying the thoughts of the devotee, uses it to gratify his curiosity. We cannot accuse him of playing with her feelings. He never leads her on. She goes herself, following the vision which gleams before her. "I will not," he says, "wile the little bird from its nest," and he does not. But he is willing to make a tool of this fresh, fervent being; he is unrelenting as ever in this. What she offers from the soul the artist receives,—to use artistically. Indeed we see, that he enjoyed as we do the ceaseless bee-like hum of gathering from a thousand flowers, but only with the cold pleasure of an observer; there is no genuine movement of a grateful sensibility. We often feel that Bettine should perceive this, and that it should have modified the nature of her offerings. For now there is nothing kept sacred, and no balance of beauty maintained in her life. Impatiently she has approached where she was not called, and the truth and delicacy of spiritual affinities has been violated. She has followed like a slave where she might as a pupil. Observe this, young idolaters. Have you chosen a bright particular star for the object of your vespers? you will not see it best or revere

it best by falling prostrate in the dust; but stand erect, though with upturned brow and face pale with devotion.

An ancient author says, "it is the punishment of those who have honored their kings as gods to be expelled from the gods," and we feel this about Bettine, that her boundless abandonment to one feeling must hinder for a time her progress and that her maturer years are likely to lag slowly after the fiery haste of her youth. She lived so long, not for truth, but for a human object, that the plant must have fallen into the dust when its prop was withdrawn, and lain there long before it could economize its juices enough to become a tree where it had been a vine.

We also feel as if she became too self-conscious in the course of this intimacy. There being no response from the other side to draw her out naturally, she hunts about for means to entertain a lordly guest, who brings nothing to the dinner, but a silver fork. Perhaps Goethe would say his questions and answers might be found in his books; that if she knew what he was, she knew what to bring. But the still human little maiden wanted to excite surprise at least if not sympathy by her gifts, and her simplicity was perverted in the effort. We see the fanciful about to degenerate into the fantastic, freedom into lawlessness, and are reminded of the fate of Euphorion in Goethe's great Rune.

Thus we follow the course of this intimacy with the same feelings as the love of Tasso, and, in the history of fiction, of Werther, and George Douglas, as also those of Sappho, Eloisa, and Mlle. de L'Espinasse. There is a hollowness in the very foundation, and we feel from the beginning,

"It will not, nor it cannot come to good."

Yet we cannot but be grateful to circumstances, even if not in strict harmony with our desires, to which we owe some of the most delicate productions of literature, those few pages it boasts which are genuine transcripts of private experience. They are mostly tear-stained; — by those tears have been kept living on the page those flowers, which the poets present to us only when distilled into essences. The few records in this kind that we possess remind us of the tapestries woven by prisoners and exiles, pathetic heir-looms, in noble families.

Of these letters to Goethe some have said they were so pure a product, so free from any air of literature, as to make the reader feel he had never seen a genuine book before.

Another, "She seems a spirit in a mask of flesh, to each man's heart revealing his secret wishes and the vast capacities of the narrowest life."

But the letters to Goethe are not my present subject; and those before me with the same merits give us no cause however trifling for regret. They are letters which passed between Bettine, and the Canoness Günderode, the friend to whom she was devoted several years previous to her acquaintance with Goethe.

The readers of the Correspondence with a Child will remember the history of this intimacy, and of the tragedy with which it closed, as one of the most exquisite passages in the volumes. The filling out of the picture is not unworthy the outline there given.

Günderode was a Canoness in one of the orders described by Mrs. Jameson, living in the house of her order, but mixing freely in the world at her pleasure. But as she was eight or ten years older than her friend, and of a more delicate and reserved nature, her letters describe a narrower range of outward life. She seems to have been intimate with several men of genius and high cultivation, especially in philosophy, as well as with Bettine; these intimacies afforded stimulus to her life, which passed, at the period of writing, either in her little room with her books and her pen, or in occasional visits to her family and to beautiful country-places.

Bettine, belonging to a large and wealthy family of extensive commercial connexions, and seeing at the house of grandmother Me. La Roche, most of the distinguished literati of the time, as well as those noble and princely persons who were proud to do honor to letters, if they did not professedly cultivate them, brings before us a much wider circle. The letters would be of great interest, if only for the distinct pictures they present of the two modes of life; and the two beautiful figures which animate and portray these modes of life are in perfect harmony with them.

I have been accustomed to distinguish the two as Nature

and Ideal. Bettine, hovering from object to object, drawing new tides of vital energy from all, living freshly alike in man and tree, loving the breath of the damp earth as well as that of the flower which springs from it, bounding over the fences of society as easily as over the fences of the field, intoxicated with the apprehension of each new mystery, never hushed into silence by the highest, flying and singing like the bird, sobbing with the hopelessness of an infant, prophetic, yet astonished at the fulfilment of each prophecy, restless, fearless, clinging to love, yet unwearied in experiment — is not this the pervasive vital force, cause of the effect which we call nature?

And Günderode, in the soft dignity of each look and gesture, whose lightest word has the silvery spiritual clearness of an angel's lyre, harmonizing all objects into their true relations, drawing from every form of life its eternal meaning, checking, reproving, and clarifying all that was unworthy by her sadness at the possibility of its existence. Does she not meet the wild, fearless bursts of the friendly genius, to measure, to purify, to interpret, and thereby to elevate? As each word of Bettine's calls to enjoy and behold, like a free breath of mountain air, so each of Günderode's comes like the moonbeam to transfigure the landscape, to hush the wild beatings of the heart and dissolve all the sultry vapors of day into the pure dewdrops of the solemn and sacred night.

The action of these two beings upon one another, as representing classes of thoughts, is thus of the highest poetical significance. As persons, their relation is not less beautiful. An intimacy between two young men is heroic. They call one another to combat with the wrongs of life; they buckler one another against the million; they encourage each other to ascend the steeps of knowledge; they hope to aid one another in the administration of justice, and the diffusion of prosperity. As the life of man is to be active, they have still more the air of brothers in arms than of fellow students. But the relation between two young girls is essentially poetic. What is more fair than to see little girls, hand in hand, walking in some garden, laughing, singing, chatting in low tones of mystery, cheek to cheek and brow to brow. Hermia and Helena, the nymphs gathering flowers in the vale of Enna, sister

Graces and sister Muses rise to thought, and we feel how naturally the forms of women are associated in the contemplation of beauty and the harmonies of affection. The correspondence between very common-place girls is interesting, if they are not foolish sentimentalists, but healthy natures with a common groundwork of real life. There is a fluent tenderness, a native elegance in the arrangement of trifling incidents, a sincere childlike sympathy in aspirations that mark the destiny of woman. She should be the poem, man the poet.

The relation before us presents all that is lovely between woman and woman, adorned by great genius and beauty on both sides. The advantage in years, the higher culture, and greater harmony of Günderode's nature is counterbalanced, by the ready springing impulse, richness, and melody of the other.

And not only are these letters interesting as presenting this view of the interior of German life, and of an ideal relation realized, but the high state of culture in Germany which presented to the thoughts of those women themes of poesy and philosophy as readily, as to the English or American girl come the choice of a dress, the last concert or assembly, has made them expressions of the noblest aspiration, filled them with thoughts and oftentimes deep thoughts on the great subjects. Many of the poetical fragments from the pen of Günderode are such as would not have been written, had she not been the contemporary of Schelling and Fichte, yet are they native and original, the atmosphere of thought reproduced in the brilliant and delicate hues of a peculiar plant. This transfusion of such energies as are manifested in Goethe, Kant, and Schelling into these private lives is a creation not less worthy our admiration, than the forms which the muse has given them to bestow on the world through their immediate working by their chosen means. These are not less the children of the genius than his statue or the exposition of his method. Truly, as regards the artist, the immortal offspring of the Muse,

"Loves where (art) has set its seal,"

are objects of clearer confidence than the lives on which he has breathed; they are safe as the poet tells us death alone can make the beauty of the actual; they will ever

bloom as sweet and fair as now, ever thus radiate pure light, nor degrade the prophecy of high moments, by compromise, fits of inanity, or folly, as the living poems do. But to the universe, which will give time and room to correct the bad lines in those living poems, it is given to wait as the artist with his human feelings cannot, though secure that a true thought never dies, but once gone forth must work and live forever.

We know that cant and imitation must always follow a bold expression of thought in any wise, and reconcile ourself as well as we can to those insects called by the very birth of the rose to prey upon its sweetness. But pleasure is unmingled, where thought has done its proper work and fertilized while it modified each being in its own kind. Let him who has seated himself beneath the great German oak, and gazed upon the growth of poesy, of philosophy, of criticism, of historic painting, of the drama, till the life of the last fifty years seems well worth man's living, pick up also these little acorns which are dropping gracefully on the earth, and carry them away to be planted in his own home, for in each fairy form may be read the story of the national tree, the promise of future growths as noble.

The talisman of this friendship may be found in Günderode's postscript to one of her letters, "If thou findest Muse, write soon again," I have hesitated whether this might not be, "if thou findest Musse (leisure) write soon again;" then had the letters wound up like one of our epistles here in America. But, in fine, I think there can be no mistake. They waited for the Muse. Here the pure products of public and private literature are on a par. That inspiration which the poet finds in the image of the ideal man, the man of the ages, of whom nations are but features, and Messiahs the voice, the friend finds in the thought of his friend, a nature in whose positive existence and illimitable tendencies he finds the mirror of his desire, and the spring of his conscious growth. For those who write in the spirit of sincerity, write neither to the public nor the individual, but to the soul made manifest in the flesh, and publication or correspondence only furnish them with the occasion for bringing their thoughts to a focus.

The day was made rich to Bettine and her friend by hoarding its treasures for one another. If we have no

object of the sort, we cannot live at all in the day, but thoughts stretch out into eternity and find no home. We feel of these two that they were enough to one another to be led to indicate their best thoughts, their fairest visions, and therefore theirs was a true friendship. They needed not "descend to meet."

Sad are the catastrophes of friendships, for they are mostly unequal, and it is rare that more than one party keeps true to the original covenant. Happy the survivor if in losing his friend, he loses not the idea of friendship, nor can be made to believe, because those who were once to him the angels of his life, sustaining the aspiration of his nobler nature, and calming his soul by the gleams of pure beauty that for a time were seen in their deeds, in their desires, unexpectedly grieve the spirit, and baffle the trust which had singled them out as types of excellence amid a sullied race, by infirmity of purpose, shallowness of heart and mind, selfish absorption or worldly timidity, that there is no such thing as true intimacy, as harmonious development of mind by mind, two souls prophesying to one another, two minds feeding one another, two human hearts sustaining and pardoning one another! Be not faithless, thou whom I see wandering alone amid the tombs of thy buried loves. The relation thou hast thus far sought in vain is possible even on earth to calm, profound, tender, and unselfish natures; it is assured in heaven, where only chastened spirits can enter, — pilgrims dedicate to Perfection.

As there is no drawback upon the beauty of this intimacy — there being sufficient nearness of age to give Günderode just the advantage needful with so daring a child as Bettine, and a sufficient equality in every other respect — so is every detail of their position attractive and picturesque. There is somewhat fantastic or even silly in some of the scenes with Goethe; there is a slight air of travestie and we feel sometimes as if we saw rather a masque aiming to express nature, than nature's self. Bettine's genius was excited to idealize life for Goethe, and gleams of the actual will steal in and give a taint of the grotesque to the groupes. The aim is to meet as nymph and Apollo, but with sudden change the elderly prime minister and the sentimental maiden are beheld instead. But in the intercourse with Günderode there is no effort; each mind being

at equal expense of keeping up its fires. We think with unmingled pleasure of the two seated together beside the stove in Günderode's little room, walking in Madame La Roche's garden, where they "*founded a religion for a young prince,*" or on the Rhine, or in the old castle on the hill, as described in the following beautiful letters.

"She (Günderode) was so timid; a young Canoness, who feared to say grace aloud; she often told me that she trembled when her turn came to pronounce the benedicite; — our communion was sweet, — it was the epoch in which I first became conscious of myself. She had sought me out in Offenbach; she took me by the hand and begged me to visit her in the town; afterwards we came every day together; with her I learned to read my first books with understanding; she wanted to teach me History, but soon saw that I was too busy with the *present*, to be held long by the *past*. How delighted I was to visit her; I could not miss her for a single day; but ran to her every afternoon; when I came to the chapter-gate I peeped through the key-hole of her door, till I was let in. The little apartment was on the ground-floor, looking into the garden; before the window, grew up a silver poplar, up which I climbed to read; at each chapter, I clambered one bough higher, and then read down to her; — she stood at the window and listened, speaking to me above; every now and then she would say; 'Bettine, don't fall.' I now for the first time, know how happy I then was; for all, even the most trifling thing is impressed on my mind as the remembrance of enjoyment. She was as soft and delicate in all her features as a blonde. She had brown hair, but blue eyes, that were shaded by long lashes; when she laughed it was not loud, it was rather a soft, subdued *crooing*, in which joy and cheerfulness distinctly spoke; she did not walk, she *moved*, if one can understand what I mean by this; her dress was a robe which encompassed her with caressing folds; this was owing to the gentleness of her movements. She was tall of stature; her figure was too flowing, for the word slender to express; she was *timid-friendly* and much too yielding to make herself prominent in society. She once dined with all the baronesses at the Royal Primate's table, she wore the black chapter-dress with long train, white collar and cross of the order; some one remarked that she looked amidst the others, like a phantom — a spirit about to melt into air. She read her poems to me and was as well pleased with my applause, as if I had been the great Public; and indeed I was full of lively eagerness to hear them; not that I seized upon the meaning of what I heard, on the contrary, it was to me an

'element unknown' and the smooth verses affected me like the harmony of a strange language, which flatters the ear, though one cannot translate it. * * *

"We laid the plan of a journey,—devised our route and adventures, wrote everything down, pictured all before us—our Fancy was so busy that Reality could hardly have afforded us a better experience. We often read in this fictitious journal and delighted in the sweetest adventures, which we had there met with; invention thus became as it were a *remembrance*, whose relations still continued their connexions with the *present*. Of that which happened in the real world we communicated to each other nothing, the kingdom in which we met sank down like a cloud, parting to receive us to a secret Paradise, there all was new—surprising, but congenial to spirit and heart, and thus the days went by.

"She wished to teach me Philosophy; what she imparted to me, she expected me to comprehend, and to give again in my way under a written form. The Essays which I wrote on these subjects, she read with wonder; they did not contain the most distant idea of what she had communicated; but I maintained that I had so understood it; she called these themes, Revelations, enhanced by the sweetest colorings of an extasied imagination; she collected them carefully, and once wrote to me; Thou dost not yet understand, how deep these openings lead into the mine of the mind; but the time will come, when it will be important to thee; for man often goes through desert paths—the greater his inclination to penetrate, the more dreadful is the loneliness of his way, the more endless the wilderness. But when thou becomest aware how deep thou hast descended into the spring of thought and how there below, thou findest a new dawn, risest with joy again to the surface and speakest of thy deep-hid world, then will it be thy consolation; for thou and the world can never be united; thou wilt have no other outlet, except back through this spring, into the magic garden of thy fancy; but it is no fancy, it is *Truth* which is merely reflected from it. Genius makes use of Fancy, to impart or instil the Divine, which the mind of man could not embrace under its ideal form; yes! thou wilt have no other way of enjoyment in thy life, than that, which children promise themselves from magic-caverns and deep fountains, through which one comes to blooming gardens, wonderful fruits and crystal palaces, where yet unimagined music sounds, and the sun builds bridges of its rays, upon the centre of which one may walk with a firm foot. All this in these pages of thine will form a key, with which thou mayest perhaps unlock deep-hid kingdoms; therefore, lose nothing nor contend against that

incentive which prompts thee to write, but learn to *labor in thought*, without which Genius can never be born in the spirit; when it becomes incarnate in thee, then wilt thou rejoice in inspiration, even as the dancer in music." — *Correspondence with a Child.*

These inspired sayings look almost as beautiful in the German-English of Bettine's translation as in the original. I cannot hope for equal success in the following extracts from "Die Günderode;" but the peculiar grace and originality of expression cannot be quite lost. I have followed as much as possible the idiom of the writer as well as her truly girlish punctuation. Commas and dashes are the only stops natural to girls; their sentences flow on in little minim ripples, unbroken as the brook in a green field unless by some slight waterfall or jet of Ohs and Ahs.

"To Günderode. I did not think that I could be so these beautiful days. In thy letter, line for line, read I nothing mournful, and yet it makes me sad. Thou speakest of thyself as if thou wert wholly other than I, — wholly of other nature. Ah! and yet thou alone standest opposite to me among all men. When we talked together, we were not one; thou wert one way minded, and I another. Certainly I am different from thee; I feel it to-day from every line of thy letter; and yet it is so true to me, illuminating the deep ground of thy soul! How is each man a great mystery! Until all is transfigured into the heavenly, how much remains that is not understood! Wholly to be understood — that seems to me the true only metamorphosis; the proper ascension. In the summer-house where we last year saw one another for the first time, — yes, a whole year have we been good friends to one another!!!!!!!! Thus could I continue to make signs of admiration, of mute surprise of thought, of sighing; or if I knew a sign for shuddering, for tears, I could mark the leaves full of the deepest feelings for which I know no name. The woodbine that then grew over the lattice, blooms this year much more luxuriant. Dost thou remember that was our first word? I said to thee 'this was a very cold winter the Hahnenfuss* has almost all its twigs frozen; the leaves give little shade.' Then saidst thou, the sun gives and the leaves take; what they cannot receive of the light, they must let pass to us; and thou saidst this plant is fairer named Geisblatt, than Hahnenfuss, — because then we

* Hahnenfuss and Geisblatt are German names for the woodbine, Geisblatt, leaf for the goat.

think of a pretty goat, who with pleasure eats the fragrant flowers; and that nature offers an ideal life to every creature. And as the elements in undisturbed working produce, sustain, nourish, and fulfil life, so in enjoyment of undisturbed development, is preparing the some-time element in which the ideal of the Spirit may bloom, thrive, and be fulfilled. And then thou saidst that I ought to wear white, if I loved Nature; for as she round about us strewed such lovely flowers, to wear a robe with painted flowers is tasteless, — and we ought to live in harmony with Nature, — otherwise the buds of the human spirit could not bloom out. I thought awhile about thy sayings, — so were we both silent. For it was my place to answer, and I did not venture. Thou seemedst to me so full of wisdom; thy thought really seemed to be at one with nature and thy soul to tower above men, as the tree-tops full of fragrant flowers in sunshine, rain, and wind, through night and day, are ever striving up into the air. Indeed thou didst seem to me a lofty tree, inhabited and nourished by the spirits of Nature. And when I heard mine own voice that would answer thee, then was I abashed, as if its tone were not noble enough for thee. I could not say it out, thou wouldst help me; and didst say 'the spirit streams into feeling, — and that goes forth from all which Nature produces. Man has reverence before nature, because she is the mother who nourishes the soul with that which she gives it to feel.' How very much have I thought of thee and on thy words, and thy black eye-lashes that covered thy blue eyes, even as I saw thee that very first time of all; and thy tender gesture, and thy hand that smoothed my hair. I wrote, 'to-day have I seen Günderode, it was a gift from God.' Now read I that again, and I would fain do all for thy love. Do not tell me if thou hast tenderness for other men; I mean to say, be to others as thou wilt, only let that be separate from us. We must be secluded one with another, in nature; we must go hand in hand, and speak with one another not of things, but a great speech; — Let there be nothing about learning, — I cannot use that; what shall I learn which others know already? That may not be entirely lost; but what happens only just for love of us, that would I not neglect to live with thee; when with thee I would put aside all the superfluous world-stuff, for truly all the comme-il-faut is but an injustice that cries to heaven, contradicting the great voice of poesy in us, which points the soul to all which is right. How hateful is that courtesy which ever bows before others, and yet has no real intercourse with any, as if it were discourteous to put aside what does not belong to us. Were nature so perverted, intriguing

and irrational as men are, there could not be even a potato ripened, — much less a tree blossom. All is the pure consequence of magnanimity in nature, — each ear of corn which doubles its seed, bears witness. — Narrow-heartedness will never open its seeds to the light. It blights them in the bud. — Now I begin to feel why I am here; each morning prayed I when I awoke, 'dear God, why was I born;' and now I know; that I may not be so senseless as the others are; that I should walk the true path marked out in my heart; for why has the finger of God stamped it there? — and taken my five senses to school? so that each one may learn the letters, if it were not to confirm this way. — One would attribute wisdom to man, and prescribe it to him as the simple way of nature; but the denial of a great mighty world-mind in us, is ever the consequence of our conventional life with others; till at last one can draw no free breath, nor have a great thought, or great feeling, from mere courtliness and decorum. Let the Devil be grateful for great actions; — they must happen of themselves; if all went on naturally in life. — It is a shame that men should give such things the name of magnanimity; as if an earnest independent life must not perpetually stream out, like electric fire, what they name great actions. — The tiresome race of men cackle like geese; they do not hear the sobs of Love. This must I say, because the nightingales are sobbing so sweetly above me. Four nightingales are there; also last year were there four. Truly I will never love for I should be abashed before the nightingales, that I could not sing like them. How they breathe out their souls in the art of extasy, in music, and in such a tone, so pure, so innocent, so pure and deep, such as no human soul can produce, either from the voice, or an instrument. Why must man learn to sing, while the nightingale so purely, with such unalloyed beauty, understands to sing deep into the heart. I have never heard a song of man's that touched me like the nightingale's. Just now thought I, because I heard them so deeply, I would try whether they would hear me. When they made a pause I raised my voice; Instantly they all four burst out together, as if to say 'leave us our Empire.' Arias, operas, songs, are mere false tendencies of the conventional world; the declamation of a false inspiration. Yet is man carried away by sublime music. Wherefore, if he be not himself sublime? Yes, there is a secret will in the soul to be great, it refreshes like dew to hear one's proper genius in its original speech. Is not that true? Oh we also would be like these tones, which swiftly reach their aim without ever faltering; there embrace they fulness — in each rhythmus a deep mystery of inward form-

ation, as man does not. Surely melodies are God-created beings, with a continuous life of their own, each thought living forth out of the soul. Man produces thoughts not — They produce man. ——— Ah! there falls a Linden-flower on my nose; and now it rains a little. Here am I writing stupid stuff, I can scarcely read it now; it is fast growing dark; how fair nature spreads out her veil! so light, so transparent. Now begin the souls of the plants to hover round about; and the oranges in the grove, and the Linden-fragrance comes streaming wave over wave. It is now dark; the nightingales become more zealous; they sing indeed in the silence of the moon; ah! we will do something really great, we will not in vain have met one another in this world. Let us found a religion for mankind, and make it well again. A life with God. Thy Mahomet did a great deal by only two or three rides into heaven; let us ride a little into heaven. ———

"Yesterday I forgot to write to thee, because I sent thy poem to Clemens; but I first copied it for myself. And wished to say to thee how beautiful I find it. Through gratitude that I have thee to my friend, have I neglected it. Thou seest it in the letter; that it is thy great heart that touches me, and that I hold myself unworthy to loose thy shoe-ties. Thou choosest a fair thought, and puttest it in rhyme as a mantle of honor for Clemens; what a fair virtue hast thou! raising the spirit from the life of earth. God made the world from nothing, preached ever the nuns, then would I ask how that was done? They could not tell me, and bid me be silent. But I went about and looked at all the growing things, as if I must know out of what they are made. Now I know he has not made them out of nothing. He has made them out of the spirit. That learn I from the Poet; from thee. God is a Poet. Indeed, then I understand him."

In another letter, after describing her bringing back to town a poor woman whom she found ill beyond the gates.

"Then came the good doctor Neville and to him I gave the woman. When I came to the Horse-market, Moritz met me and said, 'how pale you look, what is the matter.' I am so very hungry, said I; and it was true; the anxiety about the woman had made me hungry. Moritz had a pocket full of dried olives; I like them much. He emptied his pocket into my glove which I had drawn off to have it filled. Just at that moment the cuckoo brought Lotte in my way. Moritz went away, and Lotte came to me and asked, 'how canst thou stand in the open street hand in hand with Moritz.' That

vexed me. I went into the convent to thee, where I ate my olives and laid all the stones in a row on the window-sill. In the dusk thou wast standing beside me, entirely sunk in silence. At last thou saidst, 'why art thou to-day so silent?' I said 'I am eating my olives, — that occupies me, but thou also art silent; why art thou silent? 'There is a silence of the soul,' saidst thou, 'where all is dead in the breast;' 'is it so in thee?' asked I. Thou wert silent awhile, and then thou saidst 'It is just so in me, as out there in the garden; the dusk lies on my soul as on those bushes. She is colorless, but she knows herself ——— but she is colorless,' saidst thou yet again. And this time in a tone so without vibration, that I looked on thee in the night-shimmer, wondering and affrighted, for I ventured to speak no more. I thought what words I could use to thee, I sought in wide circles round about. Nothing seemed to me suited to interrupt this silence, — which ever deeper and deeper took root, — till it streamed through my head like a slumber which I could no more resist. — I laid my head dreaming on the window-board and know not how much time passed. Then came light into the chamber, and when I looked up thou wert leaning over me, and when I looked inquiringly on thee, then gavest thou as answer, 'Yes, I feel often as it were a chasm here in the breast; I may not touch it, — it pains me.' I said 'can I not fill it? this chasm?' 'That also would pain me,' saidst thou. Then I gave thee my hand and went away. — And long followed me thy look, it was so still and so profound, and yet seemed to pass away over me. Oh, as I went home I loved thee so! In thought I wound my arms about thee so close; I thought I would bear thee in my arms to the end of the world, and set thee down on a fair mossy place; there would I serve thee, — and let nothing touch thee which could give thee pain. — Yes, so was it in my childish heart; perforce would I make thee happy, and thought a moment I must succeed; but I know well that such a thing cannot succeed to me, and that it is only the illusion of my thoughts, for even as children cannot separate the far and near, and think they can reach down the moon with their hand, to comfort the playmate with, when he is silent and sorrowful, — so was it with me when I came home, they were all at the tea-table and I was mute, for I thought of thee, and sat down on a stool by the stove; then went I deep into my heart, and waked there an inner life for my spirit, which might touch thee a little, — for until now thou only hast given me all. And before thee I have never been able to make audible the voice within my breast. Then thought I, when I should be far from thee I should more surely come to myself, because the manifold, indeed the thou-

sand-fold tumult in me makes me dumb, and I cannot find a word for my true self.—And I remembered when we once spoke of the Monologues of Schleiermacher that pleased me not, thou wert of another opinion; and saidst 'if he had said only this single word, "Man shall bring out to the light what dwells in his inmost soul, that he may learn to know himself,"—Schleiermacher would have been eternally divine, and a first greatest spirit.'—Then thought I, when I should be far from thee, would I in letters reveal the entire depth of my nature; only for thee and me; and wholly in its undisturbed truth, even as I perhaps know it not yet; and if I will that thou lovest me, how should I begin other than with my innermost self? Else have I nothing ——— and from that hour I pursued myself as a spirit, which I would lure into the net for thy sake.

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From the Rhineland.

"I was a whole hour alone there, seeing the sails pass on the Rhine. I felt a deep longing to be with thee again; for beautiful as it is here, it is sad without echo in the living breast. Man is nothing but the desire to feel himself in another. Before I saw thee I knew nothing; I had often read and heard of friends, yet never knew what a life it would be; for what thought I then of men? Absolutely nothing. I took the watch-dog out, that I might have society; but when I had been awhile with thee, and had heard so many things from thee, then looked I on each face as an enigma, and might well have divined many things, or perhaps *have* divined them, for I am really sharp-minded. Truly man does express his being, if the looker-on knows how to put things together,—and neither dissipates his thoughts, nor adds anything from his own fancy; but one is always blind when he seeks to please others, or seem somewhat before them. That have I remarked in myself. If one loves another, it is better to compose oneself, to understand the one beloved. If we wholly forget ourselves and look at him, I believe it is possible to divine the whole hidden man from his outward being. I have recognised this, for of other men I have not understood what they were to me. The most I cannot consider long, because I observe nothing which pleases me, or harmonizes with me; but with thee have I felt like a music, so at home was I at once. I was like a child, which still unborn, is removed from his father-land, sees the light in another, and must by some foreign bird be wafted back over a sea. He finds all new, yet nearest related, and most domestic. So was it always with me when I entered thy apartment. So was it on the old castle ruins yesterday; the smiling meadows, and the

merry maidens singing there, the evening light, the passing sails and the butterflies, all was nothing to me, I longed only for thee! for thy little room, for the winter; for the snow without, and the early twilight, and the blazing fire; this sunshine and blooming and shouting tears my heart. — I was delighted when Tonie came up with the carriage, I looked down, and there was a beggar with his two pretty children; laughing and rolling over one another, holding each other close embraced. I said, what are your names? and they answered, Röschen and Bienchen; Röschen is fair, with round red cheeks. And Bienchen is a brunette, with black glancing eyes. They were truly one in two. Home at midnight; a most sweet sleep by the rushing of the Spring-fountains.

"Monday. — I have often re-read thy last letter, I am surprised when I compare it with others which I have received here at the same time, — then must I think that there are destinies in Spirit; as beings can be so remote from one another and so different, that they may meet every day, yet one will never conceive of the other, what he thinks and dreams, and what he feels in thinking and dreaming. Thy whole being with others is dreamy; I well know why; wert thou awake, thou couldst not live among them and be so indulgent; hadst thou been quite awake, they would certainly have driven thee away; the grimaces that they make would certainly have put thee to flight. — I saw the same in a dream myself when I was two years old; and sometimes the dream comes over me again so that it seems that men are mere frightful larvæ by whom I am surrounded and who will take from me my senses; even as in the dream I shut my eyes, that I may not see and perish with anguish. So thou from thy magnanimity dost shut thy eyes in life; Thou wouldst not see how it is appointed with men; Thou wouldst not have an aversion arise against these who are not thy brothers, for the absurd is neither sister nor brother. But thou wilt be their sister, so standest thou among them with dreaming head, smiling in thy sleep, for thou dreamest them all away as a flickering grotesque masquerade dance. This read I again to-day in thy letter; for it is now so still here, that one can think; thou art good to me, for among all men thou holdest thyself most awake to me. As if shouldst thou quite open thy eyes thou wouldst venture really to look upon me. Oh I have often thought that I would never terrify thy look, — lest thou shouldst indulgently shut thine eyes to me also, and only peep sideways at me to avoid seeing all my faults and vices.

"Thou sayest we will trifle together; dost thou know how I interpret that? I remember what you lately wrote to Clemens,

— 'ever new and living is the desire in me to express my life in a permanent form; in a shape that may be worthy to advance towards the most excellent, to greet them and claim community with them. Yes, after this community have I constantly longed. This is the church, towards which my spirit constantly makes pilgrimages upon the earth.' — But now thou sayest, we will trifle, — because thou wouldst remain untouched; because thou findest no community, and yet thou believest that there is somewhere a height where the air blows pure, and a longed for shower rains down upon the soul, making it freer and stronger. But certainly this is not in philosophy; I do not quote this from Boigt; my own feeling bears witness to me. Healthful breathing men cannot so narrow themselves. Imagine to thyself a philosopher, living quite alone on an island, where it should be beautiful as only spring can be, where all was blooming, free, and living, birds singing, and all the births of nature perfectly fair, but no creature there to whom the Philosopher could interpret anything. Dost thou believe that he would take such flights as those which I cannot constrain with thee? I believe he would take a bite from a beautiful apple, rather than make dry wooden scaffoldings for his own edification from the high cedars of Lebanon. The Philosopher combines, and transposes, and considers, and writes the processes of thought, not to understand himself, that is not the object of this expense, but to let others know how high he has climbed. He does not wish to impart his wisdom to his low-stationed companions, but only the hocus-pocus of his superlatively excellent machine, the triangle which binds together all circles. — But it is only the idle man who has never realized his own being that is taken by this.

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"'To know much, to learn much,' saidst thou, 'and then die young.' Why saidst thou that? ——— With each step in life meets thee some one who has somewhat to ask of thee,— how wilt thou satisfy them all? Say, wilt thou let one pass hungry from thee, who asks thee for alms? No, that wilt thou not! Therefore live with me. I have every day something to ask of thee. Ah! where should I go, if thou wert no more! Never again would I seek the path of happiness. — I would let myself go, and never ask after myself, for only for thy sake do I ask after myself, and I will do all which thou wishest. — Only for thy sake do I live, dost thou hear? I am afraid, for thou art great, I know it; and yet I will not speak to thee thus loudly, —no, thou art not. Thou art a soft child, and because it cannot endure pain, it denies it wholly. I know it, for so hast thou veiled many a loss. — But in thy neighborhood, in the atmos-

phere of thy spirit, the world seems to me great, — thou not, do not be afraid! But because all life is so pure in thee, each sign so simply received by thee, the spirit must find a place to dilate and become great. Forgive me to-day, but a mirror is before my eyes, and as if some one had withdrawn the veil from it, and I am so sad, I see nothing but clouds in the mirror, and winds are mourning, as if I must forever weep because I think on thee. This evening I was out beside the Maine; then rustled the sedges so wondrously, and because I in loneliness am ever with thee, I asked thee in my soul, 'what is that? does the sedge speak to thee?' — For I will confess it — I should not be willing to be spoken to so, — so mournful, so complaining, I wished to put it from me. Ah Günderode, I am so sad, — was not that cowardly in me that I wished to turn the lamentations of Nature from myself, and address them to thee, as if she talked with thee, when she so wofully moaned in the sedge? Yet I would willingly share all with thee. It is to me happiness, great happiness to take thy pains upon myself; I am strong, I am hard, I feel them not so easily. I can endure tears, and then Hope springs up again so quickly in me, as if all might return again, and better yet than what the soul desires. — Rely on me when it seizes thee, as if it would cast thee into the pit. I will accompany thee every where. No way is too gloomy for me; when thine eye cannot look at the light; it is so mournful. — I am willingly in darkness, dear Günderode. I am not alone there, I am full of new thoughts which will make Day in the soul. Precisely in the darkness rises up to me clear, glittering Peace. Oh despair not of me, though I went in my letters on lonely paths, — truly too much as if I sought myself only. Yet it was not so; I sought thee, I sought intimacy with thee, that I might drink with thee of the fountains of life which flow along our course. I feel it well in thy letter, that thou wilt withdraw from me. That will I not permit. I cannot lay down my pen, — I think thou must spring from the wall, all in armor like Minerva, and must swear to me, must swear to my friendship which is nothing but in thee; from that time forth thou wilt swim in the blue ether, walk with a lofty step like her, with thy crest in the sunlight like her, no more dwelling mournfully in the shadows. Adieu, I go to bed, and go from thee; although I could wait the whole night until thou shouldst show thyself, beautiful as thou art, and in peace, and breathing freedom as it becomes thy spirit, capable of the best and fairest. — Let there be one place of repose to thee in earth, on my breast. Good night, love me, if only a little. — "

To Günderode.

"But this one thing have I kept. God is Poesy. Man cre-

ated in his image is also a born Poet, but also all are called and few chosen. That must I alas! experience in myself. Yet I too am a Poet, although I can make no rhyme. I feel it when I go into the open air, in the wood, or up on the hill, there lies a rhythmus in my soul according to which I am obliged to think and my mood gives it measure. And then when I am among men, I let myself be carried away by their vulgar street-ballad measure or metrum, then feel I myself a pitiful person, and know nothing more but mere stupid stuff. Dost thou not feel also that stupid men can make one much stupider than one naturally is? They are not altogether wrong to say I am stupid, but heart which understands me, come only — and I will give thee a banquet that shall do thee honor. Listen yet a little further. Every great action is a poem. Is transformation of the personality into divinity. If an action is not a poem, it is not great. — Yet great is all which is discerned with the light of reason, — that is to say — all which thou canst seize in its true sense, must be great; for certain is it, that every such thought must have a root which is planted in the ground of wisdom, and a flower which blooms in divine light. We must pass from the ground of the soul into the image of God, over and up to our origin. — Am I not in the right? And if it is true that man can be such, why should it be otherwise? I understand it not. All men are other than it would have been so easy to be. They hang upon what they should not regard, and disdain that which they should hold fast. —

"Oh I have a longing to be pure from these faults. To enter the bath, and wash myself from all these corruptions. The whole world seems to me crazy, and ever I play the fool with them, and yet there is in me a voice which teaches me better. Let us then found a religion, I and thou. And let us therein for a while be both priest and layman, and live wholly in silence, and live severely in it and develop its laws as a young king's son is developed, — who sometime shall be the greatest ruler of the whole world. — So must it be as if he were a Hero, and through his will could reprove all frailties, and so embrace the whole world that it must grow better. — I believe also that God has only let the races of kings exist, that they might display manhood so high before the eyes, that it may be seen on all sides. — The king has power over all; thus men who see his public actions perceive how badly he acts, or if he does anything good how great they themselves might be. — Then if the king is so that he does all which no other can, a genial ruler draws his people perforce, to a step whither they never would have come without him. — We must mould our religion entirely fit for such a young Ruler; oh wait only! that has

wholly turned me to the East. I shall soon understand it all now. Ah! I pray thee take a little heart sympathy in it, — that will animate me so! like God to think it all out of pure nothing. Then am I too a poet. I know the way how we can consider it all. We will walk together here, in Grandmama's garden up and down in these splendid summer days, or in the bosquet which has such dark avenues; we can seem to be only walking, and unfold it all in our conversation; then evenings will I write it all down, and send it into the city to thee by the Jew. And thou shalt put it into a poetic form; so that when men sometime find it, they will have the more reverence and faith in it; this is a fair jest, — yet take it not so; it is my earnest, for wherefore should we not think together over the weal and wants of humanity. Wherefore have we then so many things together already thought over, which others do not consider, but for the benefit of humanity? For every germ which sprouts up, from the earth, or from the spirit, may be expected to bring forth fruit in time, — and I know not why we should not expect a good harvest, which may profit humanity. Humanity, poor humanity! it is like a will-o'-the wisp caught in a net, quite dull and slimy. ——— Ah God! I shall sleep no more, good night, only I will say our religion must be called the *hovering religion.* That I will tell thee about to-morrow. —

"Yet one law in our religion must I propose for thy consideration, truly a first fundamental law. Namely, man shall always do a great action, — never another. And then I will come to thee and say that each action can and shall be a very greatest. Ah hear! I see already in spirit, when we go into the council what clouds of dust there will be!

"'Who prays not cannot think.' I shall have that painted on an earthen spoon, with which our disciples shall eat their porridge. On other spoons we might have painted, 'who thinks not, learns not to pray.' The Jew is coming, I must make haste to put our world-revolution in his sack; and we sometime shall be able to say, what wonderful instruments God has chosen to accomplish his aims, like the old nun in Fritzler. —'

To Bettine.

"Best were it we should say thinking is praying; then something good would be expressed, — we should win time; thinking with praying, and praying with thinking. — Thou art mighty cunning, to think of making me rhyme thy unrhymed stuff. — Thy projects are ever uncommonly venturesome like a rope-

dancer who feels sure that he can balance himself, or one who has wings and knows he can spread them out, if the hurricane should take him from the height. — For the rest I have understood thee well, notwithstanding the many sweet praises which thou scatterest like grass for the victim, that I am the victim which thou wouldst offer. I feel that thou hast the right, — and know that I am too timid, and cannot what I inly think right, outwardly defend against the reasonings of falsehood. I am mute and ashamed just where others should be ashamed; that goes so far in me that I beg people for forgiveness when they have injured me, for fear they should observe what they have done. — Truly I cannot endure that any one should believe I could distrust him, rather I smile like a child at all which meets me, I cannot endure that those whom I cannot convince of the better, should have the idea that I am better and wiser than they. If two understand one another, to that belongs the living action of a divine third. — Thus recognise I our relation, as a present from the Gods, in which they themselves play the most happy part; but my inner feelings, my inconsequent propositions to display to light, for that lends me neither the blue-eyed Minerva, nor Areus god of the combat, a support.* — I agree with thee it would be better, could I bear myself more manly, and laid not aside this powerful thought of the world, in intercourse with other men. But what wouldst thou have in one so timid, that she fears in the convent to say at table the blessing loud enough to be heard. — Let me alone, and bear with me as I am — if I have not the heart to raise my voice against all madness, yet at least I have never permitted any, the least wave of thy rushing life-blood to dash itself against that hard rock. — It stands dry and untouched by thy holy inspirations, and thou canst untroubled let thy life flow thither. — I know thou art grieved that we did not visit Holderlin; before St. Clair went away yesterday he came to see me. Seeing thy thick letter, he was very desirous to hear something from it and the timid one was bold enough to read him the passage where Bettine speaks of Œdipus. — He would copy it, he must copy it, else had his soul passed; and the timid one was too cowardly to refuse him. He said, 'I will read it to him; perhaps it will work like balsam on his soul. If not, still it must be that the highest excitement produced through his poetic nature should find an echo in him. I must read it to him.' It will at least win from him a smile. Now see me already again full

* To whom maidens offered up a ram, when they ran for a wager in public.

of timidity, lest my boldness displease thee. Yet if my ear did not deceive me, that hymn on the dove-house was sung for the poor Poet, that it might make an echo to his broken lute.

"I have now much society distress. This week the second time must I creep into the black Canoness-robe, in which persecutes me my silly timidity. I seem to myself so strangely in it, it is so unusual to me publicly to maintain a borrowed dignity, that I must always hang my head and look away when I am spoken to. Yesterday we dined in a body with the Primate. I lost my Order-cross. It lay under the stool, I felt it with the point of my foot, that made me much embarrassed; and think only, the Primate himself picked it up, and begged leave to fasten it on my shoulder. But Heaven be praised! our duenna came up, and took the trouble on herself. I could not sleep the whole night for this adventure, — it made me blush to think of it. I went out to ride, and met Moritz in his cabriolet; then to the comedy in your box. George took me. The play was the 'Brother and Sister.' — The house was very empty on account of the heat. The Frau Rath sat quite alone at my side. She called into the theatre 'Mr. Berdy, play well, I'm here,' it made me quite confused. I thought if he answered, a conversation might arise, in which perhaps I might be called on to take part. — There were not fifty men in the pit; but Berdy played extremely well; and the Frau Rath clapped at each scene so as to make the house echo. Then Berdy would make her profound bows. — It was very droll, the empty house, — the box-doors open on account of the heat, through which the day shone in. Then came wind, — and played with the tattered decorations. Then Madame Goethe called to Berdy, 'ah what a superb wind,' — and fanned herself. It was just as if she played too. And they seemed in the theatre as if they were alone, in confidential domestic intercourse. I thought of the great Poet, who disdained not so simply to speak out his deep nature. — Yes thou mayst be right, — there is something great in it. It was awing, even tragic, this void, this silence, the open doors, — the unique mother full of delight, as if her son had built her a throne on which she, far elevated above the dust of the earth, received the homage of Art. — They played admirably, indeed with inspiration, merely on account of the Frau Rath. She knows how to inspire respect. — At the end she called out, 'She was much obliged, and would write about it to her son.' — Then began a conversation, to which the public was very attentive; but which I did not hear because I was sent for."

This little sketch of Goethe's mother will remind the reader of the humorous letter, in which Bettine, writing to him, describes the meeting between this woman of lively simple genius, and her whose mind was "truly an ant-hill of thoughts" the French Corinne, Madame de Staël.

The two following letters passed between the friends while Bettine was at a watering-place, where she became acquainted with the Duke of Gotha. They were written at different times, but give an idea so distinct of the habits and tendencies of the two persons, that they seem to answer one another; therefore I have given them together.

Bettine to Günderode.

"Twice, three times between oaks and beeches and young light bushes, hill up, hill down — then comes one to a rock, — smooth shining basalt-surfaces, catching the sunbeams like a dark magical mirror, between are green moss-seats; — this morning went I thither; it is my usual walk when I am alone, not too long and yet secluded, — there saw I the mist like young down between the rock-clefts floating hither and thither, and above me was it ever more golden, the morning-shadows drew aside, the sun crowned me, it struck back sharply from the black stone, it burned very fiercely, yet oppressed not my forehead; I would willingly wear a crown, if it pressed no harder than the hot August sun, so sat I and sang to the rocks and listened for the echos, and thoughts of empire rose into my head. To govern the world according to the maxims which have been produced in the innermost work shop of my feelings and to drive out Philistines everywhere, such are the wishes that rise to my head in such a hot summer-morning, and to which Boigt's speech of the stars had now given a powerful excitement; he said each feeling, each conception becomes a capacity and a possession; it draws itself back indeed, but at a wholly unexpected hour, it comes forth again, and then I seated myself in a lonely place, and feigned such things out into the blue and came to nothing, except tameless heart-beatings as I thought that I might quiet the shrieking of the Philistines, who stifle by their formulas the voice of the spirit, merely by the government of my feelings; indeed this would be a heavenly compensation for those blows of the rod with which they blindly persecute all inspiration. Günderode I would thou wert a ruler and I thy Kobold; that would be my province and I know certainly that I should be discreet before the pure life-flame. But now, is it a wonder that one is stupid. Thus was I beneath the burning sun, sunk in meditation, chasing on

a steed like the wind to all quarters of the globe, and as thy delegate of lofty inspiration set the world to rights commanding hither and thither, sometimes with a stamp of the foot or threatening word to make matters go on quick — meanwhile I had neglected to read thy dramalet which I took out with me, intending to study it really; but now the impetuous motions of my soul I felt compelled to soothe in sleep, as always I do when my temples burn thus from zeal about the future. O goblet of the soul, how artistic-rich and divinely gifted is thy rim made so that it may restrain the rushing floods of life, inevitably else should I have overflowed thee. — My friend, the spaniel, scented me out, he waked me with his barking and wanted me to play with him, he barked so loud that all the rocks groaned and echoed; it seemed as if a whole hunt were out; I must shout too for joy and gayety; he brought me my straw-hat which I had thrown down the steep rock with such graceful leaps — so is it when we wish through love to please any one, we do not measure the dangers of the pit, but trust in our own powers and succeed. — Ah Günderode, it would be much if man would trust his own Genius as this spaniel. He laid his paws on my shoulders when he had brought me back the hat without hurting it; in jest I named him Erodion, thinking he must even so have looked up to the Goddess Immortalita, for he was so noble and fair and bold; men look not easily out so simply great and undisturbed in their own wise, as animals do. The Duke had followed the barking of his dog, and now came forth from behind the trees; he asked why I gave that name to the dog which he calls Cales, this he said was the name of a charioteer slain before Troy by Diomed; I showed him thy poem to explain whence I took the name Erodion. He sat down on the rock, and read it partly aloud, making notes with a pencil; I send these to thee, he has read it with self-collection, and thus truly with love. I know not how often chance may favor thee so that thou mayst touch the more delicate strings of the soul; thus will it rejoice thee. He asked whether I understood the poem; I said No! but I like to read it because thou art my friend who educatest me. He said, 'A bud is this little work, carefully guarded from each foreign influence which the great soul of the friend embraces, and in this softly folded germ of a yet undeveloped speech slumber giant powers. The inspiration to recreate lifts up its wings within thee, full of presentiment, and because the world is too unclean for such childlike pure essays to express thy presentiments, so will it not unfold this unpretending veil which embraces thy far reaching imagination and thy high philosophic spirit.' With surprise I received the pleasure of this praise. He walked on with me, and as we

went would have me talk of thee, of our life together, of thy character, of thy form; then have I for the first time reflected how fair thou art; we saw a well-grown white silver-birch in the distance, with its hanging boughs, which had grown up out of a cleft in the midst of the rock, and, softly moved by the wind, bent downwards toward the valley; to this I involuntarily pointed, as I spoke of thy spirit and thy form; the Duke said, 'then is the friend like that birch?'—I said, 'yes,' so would he go with me and look on thee nearer; the path was so steep and slippery, I thought we could not go; but he said Cales would find us out a way. 'What sort of hair has she?'—'Glossy black-brown hair, which flows freely in loose soft curls on her shoulders.'—'And her eyes?'—'Pallas-eyes, blue in color, full of fire but also liquid and calm.'—'Her forehead?'—'Soft and white as ivory, nobly arched and free, small, yet broad like Plato's; eyelashes that smiling curl-backward, brows like two black dragons that measuring one another with sharp look, neither seizing nor leaving one another, proudly raise their crests, then fearfully smooth them again. Thus watches each brow, defying yet timid, over the soft glances of her eyes.'—'And the nose and cheek?'—'The nose has been censured as a little proud and disdainful, but that is because the nostril trembles with every feeling, hardly taming the breath, as thoughts rise upwards from the lip, which swells out fresh and powerful, guarded and gently restrained by the delicate upper lip.' Even the chin must I describe, truly I have not forgotten that Erodion had had his seat there and left a little hollow, which the finger is pressed into as poetry full of wisdom expands her spirit. Meanwhile there stood the birch so gorgeous, so filled with gold, so whispered through, by the sun, by the breeze, so willing to bow itself gently to the stream of the morning wind, waving its green waves joyfully into the blue heaven, that I could not decide, what lay between both, suits one, and not the other. Cales found with many leaps the way to the birch; the Duke followed; I remained behind; I could easily have followed, but I would not in his presence. He cut letters in the bark quite low down near to the foot and said he wished it might be called the Friendship-birch, and that he also might be our friend. I was willing. Ah let him; he will come this winter to Frankfort, at first a prince forgets easily such a matter among many other distractions, for he cannot believe it possible that, if a man but gave himself entirely to one thing, through this alone the penetration, the force of judgment, the all-sidedness can arise, for which they are all hunting and fluttering about;—besides he is sick and has few good days; for such an one must we fill out from all heal-

ing fountains, — Adieu, — To-morrow morning a great party is formed for a donkey excursion, and to-morrow before noon goes the good Electress away, and very early, about three o'clock, the Englishmen wish to climb the hill with us to see the sun rise; the others did not wish to have Boigt, but I would have him, for else I am weary, though the others say it makes them weary to have him there. Early to-morrow comes the carrier-woman, I shall send this letter by her, though it is not yet so alarmingly long as my first, but thou art melancholy and I would fain amuse thee a little, and I know the pretty story of the Duke will make thee laugh, however thou mayest draw thy lips together. Grant it may make thee pleasure also? I have copied his declaration of love from thy Immortalita, that from his own hand belongs to thee; he wrote it for thee. Thou mayst put a value on it; I hear he is celebrated, of noble nature, witty, and on that account much feared by many; he is also very generous and kindly, but many would rather have nothing to do with him, fearing his best friendliness covers a secret satire. How foolish is that, about me might any one make merry as much as he would; it would be pleasant to me, if he enjoyed it.

Paper sent back to Günderode with the preceding letter.

IMMORTALITA.

Dramatis personæ.

IMMORTALITA, a goddess.
ERODION.
CHARON.
HECATE.

FIRST SCENE.

A dark cavern at the entrance of the lower world. In the back-ground of this cavern are seen the Styx and Charon's bark passing hither and thither, in the fore-ground a black altar on which fire is burning. The trees and plants at the entrance of the cavern, and indeed all the decorations, and the figures of Hecate and Charon are flame-color and black, the shadows light grey, Immortalita white; Erodion dressed like a Roman youth. A great fiery snake, which has its tail in its mouth, forms a circle out of which Immortalita does not pass.

IMMORTALITA. (*awaking.*) Charon! Charon! Charon!

CHARON. (*stopping his boat.*) Why dost thou call me?

IMMORTALITA. When will the time come?

CHARON. Look at the snake at thy feet, so long as the circle is unbroken the spell lasts also, thou knowest it; then why dost thou ask me?

IMMORTALITA. Unkind old man, if it comforts me yet once again to hear the promise of a better future, why dost thou deny me a friendly word?

CHARON. We are in the land of silence.

IMMORTALITA. Prophesy to me yet once again,—

CHARON. I hate speech.

IMMORTALITA. Speak—speak.

CHARON. Ask Hecate. (*he rows away*).

IMMORTALITA. (*strewing incense on the altar.*) Hecate, goddess of midnight, discoverer of the future which yet sleeps in the bosom of chaos, mysterious Hecate! Appear.

HECATE. Powerful exorcist,—why callest thou me from out the caves of eternal midnight; this shore is hateful to me; its gloom too full of light; it seems to me that gleams from the land of life have wandered hither.

IMMORTALITA. O Hecate, forgive, and hear my prayer.

HECATE. Pray not; thou art queen here, thou reignest, and knowest it not.

IMMORTALITA. I know it not; and wherefore do I not know it?

HECATE. Because thou canst not see thyself.

IMMORTALITA. Who will show me a mirror in which I may behold myself?

HECATE. Love.

IMMORTALITA. And wherefore Love?

HECATE. Because the infinity of that alone answers to thine.

IMMORTALITA. How far does my kingdom extend?

HECATE. Everywhere, if once beyond that barrier.

IMMORTALITA. How? shall the impenetrable wall that separates my province from the upper world ever fall asunder?

HECATE. It will fall asunder, thou wilt dwell in light, all shall find thee.

IMMORTALITA. O when shall this be?

HECATE. When believing Love tears thee away from night.

IMMORTALITA. When—in hours—or years?

HECATE. Count not by hours—with thee time is not. Look down; the snake winds about as if in pain, but vainly he fixes his teeth more firmly to keep close the imprisoning circle—vain is this resistance; the empire of unbelief, of barbarism, and night must fall to ruins. (*She vanishes.*)

IMMORTALITA. O future — wilt thou but resemble that blessed distant past when I dwelt with the gods in perpetual glory. I smiled on them all, and at my smile their looks lightened as never from the nectar, and Hebe thanked me for her youth, and the ever-blooming Aphrodite for her charms. But separated from me by the darkness of time, before my breath had lent them permanence, they fell from their thrones, those serene Gods, and went back into the elements of life. Jupiter into the power of the primæval heavens, Eros into the hearts of men, Minerva into the minds of the wise, the Muses into the songs of the poets, and I, most unhappy of all, was not permitted to bind the unfading laurel upon the brows of the hero, of the poet. Banished into this kingdom of night, a land of shadows, this gloomy other-side; I must live only for the future.

CHARON. (*passing in his boat with shades*). Bow yourselves, Shades, this is the queen of Erebus, and that you still live after your earthly life is her work.

CHORUS OF SHADES.

Silent guides us the bark
To the unknown land,
Where the sun never dawns
On the always dark strand, —
Reluctantly we see it go,
No other sphere our looks would know
Than life's bright-colored land.

SAME SCENE.

(*Charon's bark lands. Erodion springs on shore. Immortalita still seen in the back-ground.*)

ERODION. Back, Charon, from this shore, which no shade may tread. Why lookest thou upon me? I am not a shadow like you; a joyful hope, a faith full of visions have kindled the spark of my life to flame.

CHARON. (*aside.*) Surely this must be the youth who bears in himself the golden future. (*He rows away.*)

IMMORTALITA. Yes, thou art he, prophesied to me by Hecate; through thy look will the light of day break into these ancient caverns, and dispel the night.

ERODION. If I am he prophesied to thee, Maiden or Goddess, however thou art named, believe thou fulfillest to me the inmost presentiment of the heart.

IMMORTALITA. Say, who art thou? — what is thy name, and how didst thou find the way to this pathless shore, where neither shades nor men dare wander, but only subterranean Gods.

ERODION. I am unwilling to speak to thee of anything but my love; indeed to speak of my love is to speak of my life.

Then hear me. I am the son of Eros and Aphrodite; the double-union of love and beauty has implanted in my being an idea of bliss which I nowhere find, yet must everywhere foresee and seek. Long was I a stranger upon earth. I could not enjoy its unsubstantial goods, till at last came into my soul a dim presentiment of thee. Everywhere was I accompanied by the Idea reflected from thee, everywhere I followed the trace of the beloved, even when it plunged me down into the realm of dreams, thus guiding me to the gates of the lower world, but never could I press through to thee, an unhappy fate drew me ever back to the upper world.

Immortalita. How, youth, hast thou so loved me that rather than not find me thou wouldst have forsaken Helios and the rosy dawn?

Erodion. So have I loved thee, and without thee the earth no more could give me joy, neither the flowery spring, the sunny day, nor dewy night, which to possess, the gloomy Pluto would willingly resign his sceptre. But as the love of my parents was beyond all other, for they were love itself, so the desire which has drawn me to thee was most powerful, and my faith in finding thee victorious over all obstacles, for my parents knew that the child of love and beauty could find nothing higher than itself, and gave me this faith in thee that my powers might not be exhausted by striving after somewhat higher out of myself.

Immortalita. But how camest thou to me at last? Unwillingly does Charon receive the living into the brittle bark made only for the shades.

Erodion. Once was my longing to see thee so great, that all men have invented to surround thee with uncertainty, seemed to me little and vain. Courage inspired my whole being; my only wish is for her, thought I, and boldly cast from me all the goods of this earth, and steered my bark hitherward to the perilous rock where everything earthly is wrecked. A moment I thought, what if thou shouldst lose all, and find nothing; but high confidence pressed doubt aside, joyously I said to the upper world a last farewell, night embraced me, — a ghastly pause, — and I found myself with thee. The torch of my life still burns the other side of the Stygian water.

Immortalita. The heroes of the former world have already tried this same path, courage enabled them to pass the river, but to love only is it given to found here a permanent empire. The dwellers here say my breath bestows immortal life, then be thou immortal, for thou hast worked in me an inexpressible change; before I lived a mummy life, but thou hast breathed into me a soul. Yes, dear youth, in thy love I behold myself

transfigured, I know now who I am, know that the sunny day must fill with light these ancient caverns.

(HECATE *comes from behind the altar.*)

HECATE. Erodion, enter into the snake circle. (*He does so, and the snake vanishes.*) Too long, Immortalita, wert thou in the night of unbelief and barbarism, known by the few, despaired of by the many, confined by a spell within this narrow circle. An oracle, as old as the world, says "believing love will find thee even in the darkness of Erebus, draw thee forth, and found thy throne in everlasting glory, accessible to all." The time is come, but to thee, Erodion, remains yet somewhat to be done.

(The scene changes into a part of the Elysian garden, faintly illuminated, shadows are seen gliding hither and thither, on one side a rock, in the back-ground the Styx and Charon's bark.)

HECATE. See, Erodion, this threatening rock is the impassable wall of separation, which divides the realm of mortal life from that of thy mistress; it intercepts from this place the sunbeams, and prevents severed loves from meeting again. Erodion, try to throw down the rock, that thy beloved may ascend on the ruins from the narrow dominion of the lower world, that in future no impassable barrier may separate the land of the dead from that of the living.

(Erodion strikes the rock, it falls, full daylight shines in.)

IMMORTALITA. Triumph! the rock is sunken, and from this time it shall be permitted the thoughts of love, the dreams of hope, the inspiration of the poet to descend hither and to return.

HECATE. All hail! Threefold, immortal life will fill the pale realm of shades now thy empire is founded.

IMMORTALITA. Come, Erodion, ascend with me into eternal light, and all love, all nobleness shall share my empire. Thou, Charon, smooth thy brow, be friendly guide to those who would enter my kingdom.

ERODION. Well for me that I faithfully tended as a vestal fire the holy presentiment of my heart; well for me, that I had courage to die to mortality, to live for immortality, to offer up the visible to the invisible.

The following note was written by the hand of the Duke Emil August von Gotha upon the manuscript of Immortalita.

"It is a little thing not worthy thy attention, that I esteem it

a gift from heaven to understand thee, thou noble life. Looking down upon the earth, thou mayst, like the sun, give it a fair day; but thou wouldst look in vain for thy peer beneath the stars.

"Like fresh flower-stalks comes the careless life of thy thoughts before the subdued man; his bosom heaves with deep breathings as thy spirit plays round him like loose tresses, just escaped from the band.

"He gazes on thee, a lover! like still roses, and waving lilies hover before him thy thoughts bearing blessings on their glances. Confidential, near the heart are they. They illuminate and beautify his aims and his vocation, and on the silent paths of night are the stars looking from on high, the witnesses of his vow to thee.

"Yet is it a little thing only, not worthy thy attention, that I esteem it as a gift from heaven to understand thee, thou noble life."

The letter of Günderode to Bettine introduces livelier images, and though we may suppose it to exaggerate in playful malice the picture of Bettine's environment, corresponds with what we should imagine to be her habits.

To Bettine.

"It seems to me sometimes quite too absurd, dear Bettine, that thou shouldst with such solemnity declare thyself my scholar when I might as well hold myself thine, yet it gives me much pleasure, and there is also a truth in it if the teacher feels himself stimulated by the scholar; thus may I with some reason call myself thine. Many new insights are brought me by thy opinions and by thy divinations in which I confide, and since thou art so loving as to name thyself my scholar, I may sometime marvel to see over what a bird I have been brooding.

"Thy story of Vostel is quite pleasant; nothing dost thou love better than to take the sins of the world upon thyself — to thee they are no burden, they give thee wings rather for gayety and whim; we may think God himself takes pleasure with thee. But thou wilt never be able to make men esteem thee something better than themselves. Yet however genius makes to itself air and light, it is always ethereal-wise, even when it bears on its pinions all the load of Philisterei. In such matters thou art a born genius, and in these can I only be thy scholar, toiling after thee with diligence. It is an amusing play in the circle that while others complain of thy so called inconsequences I secretly lament that my genius does not lead to such "Careless away over the

plains where thou seest no path dug before thee by the boldest pioneers." Yet always do only one thing at a time, do not begin so many all confusedly. In thy chamber it looked like the shore where a fleet lies wrecked. Schlosser wanted two great folios that he lent you now three months ago from the city library and which you have never read. Homer lay open on the ground, and thy canary-bird had not spared it. Thy fairly designed map of the voyages of Odysseus lay near, as well as the shell box with all the Sepia saucers and shells of colors; they have made a brown spot on thy pretty straw carpet, but I have tried to put all once more into order. Thy flageolet which thou couldst not find to take with thee; guess where I found it; in the orange tree box on the balcony; it was buried in the earth up to the mouth-piece; probably thou hast desired on thy return to find a tree of flageolets sprouting up. Liesbet has bountifully watered the tree and the instrument has been all drenched. I have laid it in a cool place that it may dry gradually and not burst, but what to do with the music that lay near by I cannot tell; I put it in the sun, but before human eyes canst thou never show it again. The blue ribbon of thy guitar has been fluttering out of the window to the great delight of the school children opposite ever since thy departure. I chid Liesbet a little for not having shut the window; she excused herself because it was hid by the green silk curtain, yet whenever the door is open there is a draught. The sedge upon the glass is still green. I have given it fresh water. In thy box where are sowed oats and I know not what else, all has grown up together; I think there are many weeds, but, as I cannot be sure, I have not ventured to pull any thing up. Of books I have found on the floor Ossian, — Sacontala, — the Frankfort Chronicle, the second volume of Hemsterhuis which I took home with me because I have the first already: in Hemsterhuis lay the accompanying philosophical essay, which I pray thee present to me, unless thou hast some special value for it; I have more of the same sort from thee and as thy dislike to philosophy makes thee esteem them so lightly I should like to keep together these studies against thy will, perhaps in time they will become interesting to thee. Siegwart, a romance of the olden day, I found on the harpsichord with the inkstand lying on it; luckily there was little ink, yet wilt thou find thy moonlight composition, over which it has flowed, not easy to decipher. I heard something rattle in a little box in the window sill and had the curiosity to open it, then flew out two butterflies which thou hast put in as chrysalises. Liesbet and I chased them into the balcony where they satisfied their first hunger in the bean blossoms. From under the bed Liesbet swept out Charles the Twelfth, the Bible, and also a glove

which belongs not to the hand of a lady, in which was a French poem; this glove seems to have lain under thy pillow; I did not know thou hadst ever busied thyself with writing French poems in the old style. The perfume of the glove is very pleasant and reminds me of something which gives me a notion where its fellow may be, yet be easy about thy treasure, I have fastened it up behind Kranach's Lucretia, and there at thy return it may be found. I saw two letters among many written papers, the seals were unbroken, one was from young Lichtenberg of Darmstadt, the other from Vienna. What acquaintances hast thou there, and how is it possible that one who so seldom receives letters should not be more curious or rather so heedless about them? I left them on thy table. All is now in tolerable order so that thou mayst diligently and comfortably continue thy studies.

"I have with true pleasure described to thee thy chamber, for it, like an optic mirror, expresses thy apart manner of being, and gives the range of thy whole character; thou has brought together various and strange materials to kindle the sacrificial flame; it is burning; whether the Gods are edified thereby is to me unknown.

"If thou findest Muse, write soon again. — Caroline."

A feeling of faithlessness, almost of remorse, comes over me, on rereading the few extracts for which room could be found here. Surely in their own place these field flowers were beautiful; the dullest observer was pleased to see them enamel the green earth. But here, torn asunder from their proper home, they look as soiled and forlorn as might a bunch of cowslips, dropped by chance in the public street beneath the feet of busy men. Half the purpose of placing them here was to draw attention to the translation of these volumes soon to be published, and now it seems as if the delicate music of the fairy bells cannot possibly make itself heard beside the din of the forge or factory; yet courage! for they tell us it is a property of the simplest tone to cleave straight through a world of mere *noise.*

The acceptance that a book, of the same delicate beauty, and somewhat the same scope met among us, is an encouraging fact. I refer to "Pericles and Aspasia." There, in artistic form, the author has presented what, in these letters, lives and grows before us. Here we find a little circle of intimacies, noble enough to excite and gratify the high desires of heart and mind. Each relation is peculiar, each

harmonious with all the rest. The statesman, the philosopher, the enchanting woman of the world, the lay nun, the profuse and petulant nature, for which we know no better name than Alcibiades, all are shown, on the private as well as the public side, with admirable force and distinctness. None could read this book without feeling love, friendship, and the daily business of life to be ennobled and enriched at least for that day. None could fail to feel the eternal leadings of every true relation. Yet, withal, Landor's book is marble-cold compared with the one before us. Those divinely human figures convey to us life as it ought to be, as it might be, but only in statuesque representation. Yet, if cold, it is pure, and earth may cover, but cannot consume the sculptures, as it does the living forms. We are deeply indebted to the book which presents this portraiture of a home, a home in mutually enchained hearts, too wise to expect perfection, too noble to pardon imperfection, worthy to demand the best and — to wait for it. Here are intimacies so rooted in the characters of the parties, that they may endure and deepen through ages. We feel that this book, with all its singular beauty of detail, presents to us but a beginning. How happily is reverence tempered by playfulness, conscious worth by tenderness and knowledge. Yes! all who read this book must be, at least for the day, shamed out of frivolous and vulgar intercourse, intellectual sloth, or distempered care.

The intimacy between Aspasia and Cleone is not unlike this between Bettine and Günderode, in the influences of the two characters upon one another. The two women are both in different ways as remarkable in intellect, as in character, and the intellect of both is feminine in its modification. They study no less than love one another; they cannot flatter, neither make weak exactions; the sentiment is too true to allow of sentimentality. It is founded on no illusion, but a parallelism of lives that was written in the stars.

Without full confidence no friendship can subsist, none without generosity, without unwearied sympathy, and the modesty that permits, when suffering, to receive this balm. But also none can subsist and grow, without mutual stimulus, without an infinite promise, a stern demand of excellence from either side, and revelations of thoughts, not only

hoarded from the past, but constantly new-born from intercourse between the two natures. There must be faith in one another, action upon one another, love, patiently to wait for one another.

All these we find in these two friendships. Bettine feels in her friend the same joy and pride which is expressed of Aspasia, where Alcibiades tells us she was accustomed to fly to Pericles with the letters of Cleone, and read them on his shoulder. Cleone regards Aspasia with the same admiration, angelic in its pure humility, though melancholy in its smile, as Günderode does Bettine.

The book of "Günderode" is more poetic than "Pericles and Aspasia," in this, that we see living and changing before us what is only given us as results, of fixed outline, in Landor's book. This breathing life makes us living; that pictured life only commanded us to live.

A few words more in answer to the queries of a friend. Bettine is accused of interpolating passages into these letters from a more advanced period of her existence, and there certainly are pages which look like it. The past seems the canvass on which she paints. The fears of those who loved her best, that the exuberant, but unstable nature could not economize sufficiently to live princely in its later days, are justified by her devotion to the past.

"Bettine!

> In this fair book from thy letters compiled
> Shall the woman be made thus to wait on the child?
> Not so the oak gathers his first summer's leaves,
> But new strength every year with new branches receives."

We learn by excess, we thrive on error, but only where reactions and convictions come in their due alternation. The way God leads man is the only way, but man must learn to understand that it is so. — What seems to the youthful aspirant so true as the path Bettine took? Straight forward pursuing her own genius, headlong down precipices, indefatigable up hill, and through bog, in the most important step as the least whimsy, she acted out her nature, would recognise no compromise, knew no society, only the natures "that stood opposite to her" could she see. Here then is one wise, here is one free! Alas no! Heaven has not permitted such manacles to be forged for man with-

out a cause, and the bold outlaw blackens and blasphemes, while the willing prisoner soars and sings.

If any quarrel with the law that "care is taken that the trees grow not up into the heavens," let him watch the progress of such a character as Bettine's, and see the tree which defied the law mar its own growth. Sorrow must alternate with joy, or the character is shallow; patient toil with inspiration, or there is no noble growth; the most ardent imagination must demand and elicit the severest judgment. In the mind of the Child was no patience, no power of adaptation, nothing that fitted her to reach maturity and uphold or reconstruct a world. She must always be a child; the actual world intervened and she became a Phantast. Yet not the less welcome this radiant picture of a peculiar state, that period of keen perception and intuitive glances, which so many know only in some holy dream, or beneath the first illusions of earthly love. Here is the picture of all-promising, all-discerning youth; let some other life join to this a fitting sequel.

Whoever has closely observed the dramatic tendency in man will see that its first demonstrations must be in the way of what the many call falsehood, if only for this reason, that the poetic eye cannot even *see* a fact bare and solitary as it appears to the prose observer. To such a mind the actual only exists as representing the ideal, and each object seen by the bodily eye becomes the centre to a throng of visionary shapes. Even as in the pictures of Magdalens and Madonnas, cherub faces start from every side, created as it were by the expression of the face which occupies the centre, so each new object beheld, each new thought apprehended, brings to the poetic mind accessories natural if not yet realized by nature.

It is from this cause that children, fitted by imagination to appreciate the noblest exhibitions of truth, are often blamed as false or inaccurate, while those of meagre faculties and limited vision are praised for their correctness. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem to the superficial, there is often more hope of truth in the liar than in the truthteller, for the former may learn to prune his fancy and turn romance into its legitimate channels, but the latter will have to feed and train his powers by ways and means yet unknown, before he can comprehend truth in its fulness.

The romantic or dramatic tendency, which leads those who do not absolutely recreate in play or novel, to embellish a narrative of their daily walk, by giving the facts higher coloring, embellishing them by the invention of incidents, rounding and filling out where there were pauses or languors, and casting over all the soft ideal light of the thought derived by the narrator from the passage, which is obvious in many parts of these letters, and makes them poetical still more than historical, may also have induced Bettine to interpolate sentences or even paragraphs. If she has done so, it is not from motives of vanity, but from a poetical growth in herself, since the period of the correspondence, which makes what really happened seem an inadequate expression of what really was. Whatever has been added is in such harmony with the scenes and personages, that you are only led to doubt, because it is too good, because all is said and done with a fulness, which is elsewhere discovered only in that liberty of law which art grants to her votaries.

It is in reference to this that Goethe said with one of his calm ironical smiles, when Richter (I think it was Richter) published his memoirs as "Truth out of my Life," intending to reprove Goethe for his title "Poesy and Truth out of my Life" — "As if the bare truth from the life of such a man could be other than that he was a Philistine."

There comes indeed a time when Poesy and Truth, though twinborn in the thought, can be separate in the expression, and the groundwork, no longer all shot through and interwoven by the bright threads of imagination, appears in clear relief beneath the beautiful patterns emblazoned upon it. But this is in the perfection of the faculties, when reason, imagination, and the perceptive organs are in entire harmony, when the meaning of the great world-poem is so distinctly seen, that details are never unmeaning, because incomplete, nor do we need perpetually to evolve fabrics of art as from a chaos. It is the highest attainment of man to be able to tell the truth, and more hardly achieved by the chronicler than the Phantast.

This much may be granted to the caviller. Bettine has missed her way to this excellence from undue indulgence of one or two powers.

But all the drawbacks are upon her own character; her

book is true, and of the rarest excellence, a many-petalled flower on the bosom of nature, from which the dew shall never vanish. Like the flights often seen on a smaller scale in common lives, it attains a perfection which the complete sum of the character entirely misses. Like the sky lark's, these morning songs drop from the clouds which upbear the songster dew from heaven, such as active, lustrous, enduring, prying day shall never boast.

Let us conclude by the last letter addressed to Bettine by Günderode, while meditating her voluntary death. On this subject I have said nothing; it involves too much for the space to let me venture. This letter has the true tone of Günderode's genius, and is no less worthy of attention for the distinct idea it gives of the friend she loved, but not well enough to love to live for her sake.

To Bettine.

"I was obliged to set out on my journey without writing to thee, for my sister who has long been unwell required my presence. Think not I neglect thee, dear Bettine, but the impossibilities of realizing the objects of my thoughts, crowd upon me; I know not how to overcome them, but must let myself be driven where chance wills; resistance brings only loss of time and no success. Thou hast a much more energetic nature than I, indeed than almost any of whom I am able to judge; to me are set, not only through my relations, but also through my character, narrower limits for my activity, therefore it may well happen that things to me impossible may not be so to thee. Bear this in mind while looking into the future. If thou wilt persist to walk the same path of life with me, mightst thou not be obliged to sacrifice to my timidity or rather to my incapacity what thy spirit requires, for I see not how I could follow thee, my wings are not full-grown for such a flight. I pray thee, fix thy eyes betimes on this fact, and think of me as of a being who must leave many things untried to which thou wilt feel thyself impelled. Even if thou shouldst resolve to give up many of thy claims on life, or let me rather say if thou wouldst refuse to let the element which is active within thee work itself clear, rather than thus be divorced from me, thy refusal would be vain. There are laws in the soul which must manifest themselves, else the whole man is ruined; this cannot happen to thee, the life must again and again rise up, for in thee dwells the right of conquest, and that which would perchance only sing me to sleep wakes thee to impetuous freewill existence; for when thou wouldst converse

with the stars of heaven and boldly constrain them to answer, I would give myself up rather to their soft shining as the child is soothed by the motion of his cradle. All men are against thee, the whole world wilt thou feel and experience only through the contradiction in thy soul, there is no other possible way for thee to comprehend it. Where wilt thou ever find an action, how much less a nature in harmony with thine, it has never yet been so and will also never be (of myself will I speak to thee by and by). What experience has taught to others, that to which they accommodate themselves, is to thee folly and falsehood.—The actual world has presented itself to thee as a deformed monster, but it did not terrify thee; thou hast at once set thy foot upon it, and although it whirls beneath thee and forever moves itself, thou lettest thyself be borne by it, without ever in thought dreaming the possibility that thou couldst for a moment be at one with it. I speak of to-day, and more yet of the future, I would wish there might come moments into thy life when this flowing together with the energies of other natures might be granted thee. Dost thou remember thy dream in the mountain castle which thou relatedst to me in the night when I waked thee, because thou wert weeping bitterly in thy sleep? It was that a man, who for the good of mankind had done I know not what heroic deed, was brought to the scaffold in consequence of his great deed. The people shouted in its ignorant joy, but in thee rose great desire to ascend to him there on the scaffold, only the blow fell just as thou wert hoping to reach him. Thou canst not have forgotten the dream, for thy painful weeping moved me too, so much that I hardly dared remind thee it was only a dream, and then found this was the very reason of thy being inconsolable, for thou saidst not even in a dream was it granted thee to fulfil the desire of thy soul, how much less would it be so in reality. Then in the night have I jested that I might comfort thee a little, but to-day I feel impelled once more to take up the question whether it was not a misfortune not to have died in the dream with that hero; yes it was a misfortune, for the awaking, the living on after so endured proof of thy inmost dispositions, which can so seldom in actual life be verified and confirmed, must be to thee a triumph, aye a happiness, even though only in a dream, for in dreams the noblest convictions may meet shipwreck as elsewhere. And I agree with thee that it was a trick played by thy demon, yet one with a meaning of wisdom; for, if thou hadst been satisfied in the dream so perhaps had also been satisfied thy longing for great deeds, and what would that have availed thee? would it not have increased that careless self-reliance to which Savigny must positively give the name of arrogance; no, that would

not have been, yet would there not have been that exaltation which is now continually renewed by the lightest excitement of that unsatisfied longing.

"I would wish for thee, Bettine (to speak between ourselves, for this may no man hear) that those deeply implanted dispositions might be called forth by destiny, and no trial omitted which either in dream or life might aid gloriously to solve the problem why it has been worth the pain and trouble to have lived. Plans are easily baffled, therefore must we make none. The best way is to find oneself ready for all which offers itself as worthiest to do, and that alone which obliges us to act, the holy principle which springs up of itself on the ground of our conviction, never to violate, but ever to unfold it more and more through our thoughts and actions, so that we at last recognise nothing in ourselves, but the originally divine. There are many who have taken with them great Christmas presents from the Gods, and yet never learn to make use of any of them, to these it suffices to believe themselves raised above the ground of the community, merely because the alphabet of a higher law is stamped within them, yet the spirit has never risen up within them, and they know not how far they are from having realized that nobility of soul, of which they are so proud.— This seems to me the noblest school of life, constantly to take heed that nothing belies those principles through which our inner being is consecrated, never in thought nor in deed. From this school the noble man is not released to the last breath of his life. Thy Ephraim will agree with me, and is himself a proof of this; I believe also that it is the highest distinction of destiny to be called to always severer trials. And one must indeed be able to prophesy the destiny of a noble man from his dispositions. Thou hast energy and courage enough for severe truth, and at the same time art the most gladsome nature which hardly can perceive any injustice that is done towards it. To thee is it a light thing to bear what others could not at all endure, and yet thou art not compassionate, it is energy which leads thee to assist others. If I wished briefly to express thy character I would prophesy that hadst thou been a boy, thou wouldst have become a hero, but as thou art a girl I interpret all these dispositions as furnishing materials for a future life, preparation for an energetic character which perhaps in a living active time will be born.— As the sea, so the ages seem to me to have their ebb and flow. We are now in the time of ebb, where it is indifferent who makes himself valid, because it is not now the hour for the waves to rise up; the human race sinks its breath, and whatever of significant occurs in history is only prelude, to awaken feelings, to practise and collect the

faculties to seize upon a higher potency of spirit. Spirit rules and raises the world, through this alone life is living, through this alone moment is joined to moment, all else is fleeting shadow, each man who makes true a moment in time is a great man, and however forcible are many apparitions in time, I cannot reckon them among realities because no deep recognition, no pure will of the absolute spirit bids them rise and rule, but wholly vulgar motives of passion. Napoleon is an example. — Yet are such not without use for the human capacities of the spirit. Partialities and prejudices must be satiated, even let me say sated, before they can leave free the spirit of the time. Now what prejudices may not this hero of all have shaken to pieces, — what will he not satiate even to disgust, how many will the future time root up with detestation, to which it now clings with passionate, blind devotion. — Or can it be possible that after such terrible ghostly destinies, time should not be given to reflect. — I doubt not of this, all things find their end, and only that lives which is able to awake life, of this I have said to thee enough, thou wilt understand me. Why should not each one begin his career of life with solemnity and consecration, regarding himself as a development of the divine which is the aim of us all, seeking where and how it may be furthered. Indeed I have now said to thee enough to bring close to thee the thought that the higher powers of the spirit of man must be the only real aim of thy inner contemplation, so that all may be to thee for one purpose, however far thy faculties may be brought into action. Nothing can remain untried in man which his higher ideal nature is capable of producing. For our destiny is the Mother which bears beneath its heart this fruit of the ideal. — Take from these lines all that bears upon the heaped up leaves thou hast sent me, and soothe therewith thy anxiety on my account. Farewell and take my thanks for all thy love."

Such Beauty is not given, only lent,
Darts winged by love divine, the speedier spent,
Frail effigies of that most seen Unseen,
What is and must be, yet hath never been ; —
O teach the ear to catch that under-tone,
Which draws the heart to know the Unknown, Alone !
I see thee passing, once incarnate Soul,
From sphere to sphere seeking that only goal,
Where thought and love and life together flow,
And the Above smiles back from the Below.
This earthly life to thee was but as glass,
Seeing beyond thy thoughts and wishes pass,
Thou couldst not stay behind to water flowers,
Upon the pathway of these puny Hours

With tears undue. — O solitary flame
We will not stir thee by a human blame,
Ask mercy from the heaven thou teachest us to name.

F.

SONNET.

When in a book I find a pleasant thought
Which some small flower in the woods to me
Had told, as if in straitest secrecy,
That I might speak it in sweet verses wrought,
With what best feelings is such meeting fraught!
It shows how nature's life will never be
Shut up from speaking out full clear and free
Her wonders to the soul that will be taught.
And what though I have but this single chance
Of saying that which every gentle soul
Shall answer with a glad, uplifting glance?
Nature is frank to him whose spirit whole
Doth love Truth more than praise, and in good time,
My flower will tell me sweeter things to rhyme.

April, 1819.

J. R. L.

SONNET.

Only as thou herein canst not see me,
Only as thou the same low voice canst hear
Which is the morning-song of every sphere
And which thou erewhile heardst beside the sea
Or in the still night flowing solemnly,
Only so love this rhyme and so revere;
All else cast from thee, haply with a tear
For one who, rightly taught, yet would not be
A voice obedient; some things I have seen
With a clear eye, and otherwhile the earth
With a most sad eclipse hath come between
That sunlight which is mine by right of birth
And what I know with grief I ought to have been, —
Yet is short-coming even something worth.

J. R. L.

SONNET

TO IRENE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Maiden, when such a soul as thine is born,
The morning stars their ancient music make
And joyful once again their song awake,
Long silent now with melancholy scorn;
And thou, not mindless of so blest a morn,
By no least deed its harmony shall break,
And shalt to that high clime thy footsteps take
Through life's most darksome passes unforlorn;
Therefore from thy pure faith thou shalt not fall,
Therefore shalt thou be ever fair and free
And in thine every motion musical
As summer air, majestic as the sea,
A mystery to those who creep and crawl
Through Time and part it from Eternity.

J. R. L.

THE HOUR OF RECKONING.

Give way, — give way, — this is not patience's hour:
Call not my grief a wild and sinful thing:
Call not my ceaseless tears a wasted shower:
Have ye not suffered? bear with suffering.

Not for this hope, — though even ye do see
My life has gone down with it to the grave,
Not for this only grief, — my misery
Goes o'er my spirit now — dark wave on wave.

No, no; now heaves the swell of my heart's wo
Fed by a thousand streams repressed not dry;
The breathing forms I buried long ago,
They are revenged — they rise — they will not die.

Redress! redress! yes, ye shall have it now,
Feelings denied through long and level years!
The way is open; none shall disallow
Your claim to sighs, — your heritage in tears.

No, let those hear you, whom a single grief
Has bowed, aye, crushed to earth in all but rest;
But bring not yet, not yet, to me relief: —
'T is an unbidden, 't is an ill-timed guest.

Bear with me — bear — I have not stopped, like you,
To give the pittance even of a tear
When my life's miseries pleaded in my view
And asked but this the wretched beggar's cheer.

I have been proud — no, no, — I was afraid
To give one mite lest they should ask for more,
And now they throng around, nor ask for aid,
But rudely seize on all life's hoarded store.

Take all, — aye, take sorrows neglected, hushed,
Hopes, yearnings frightened into timid peace;
Take all; the heart which silenced ye is crushed,
Take all, and sign your debtor's hard release.

SONNET

TO MARY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Full fair, another circling year doth gird
The mystic growth of the young heart around;
O deep and deeper be the voices heard
Which through that heart in angel whispers sound.
Thine is the hour when by the fragrant bloom
We prophesy of Summer's golden sheaves; —
If sadness comes, O darken not to gloom!
Be like the pine-tree that I love, whose leaves
Ne'er vanquished were by Winter's icy arm,
But breathe a strain which all the year doth charm.
I dare not pray that trials dark and drear
Shall ne'er upon thy path like clouds appear,
But may a soul as true as life can form
Sun-tinge their awful edge, and glorify the storm.

B. F. P.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI.

Where be these deeps to saint and prophet known
These deeps of love Divine and Infinite?
Wildered and sere over the waste I flit
Filling all nature with my constant moan;
Wherefore of all his sons do I alone
Seek for the Father's face but never find,
Casting with tears my prayers upon the wind,
Sinful, remorseful, to God's peace unknown?
Spare me, oh God! this fearful agony,
Give me the calm of souls regenerate,
Let me no more for thy dear presence wait,
But be each moment an Eternity.
As through the obedient stars, oh shine through me,
And in thy Life forever let me Be.

MUSIC

TO MARTHA.

Sweep, lady, sweep again the keys,
And let thy fancy wander free;
For, sad or gay, the strain will please,
Since all I seek is harmony.
Yes, discords deep are in my brain,
Deformed and dark the shadows lie;
O from my soul erase the stain
With Eden-breath of minstrelsy.

Though soft as moon-rays be your wings,
Born of air to die in sighing,
Moaning o'er wild Æolian strings,
Or from fairy fingers flying,
To deepest deeps ye thrill my soul,
And Fantasy's high hosts arise,
Glory and Love before me roll
Enchantress! on thy melodies.

Lost hopes again reveal their beams;
Like vanished wanderers appear
In all their light my youthful Dreams,
And tidings chaunt upon the ear
How they not utterly depart:
But when the storms of life sweep by,
They tint the Iris of the heart,
And pain and sorrow purify.

In deeps profound the chords are laid;
From awful steeps the tones take wing;—
The fairest works that God hath made,
Affect us like a tuneful string.
Thus on the souls of early seers
Rose Cherub's lyre and Seraph's tongue;
While music throned the endless years,
And all the spheres in tune were hung.

The spheral law with faith revere:
For angel bliss may tasted be,
Though the wide world in hate uprear,
By one whose heart is melody.
With thoughtful Night upon thine eye,
Her depth, and stillness, and the stars,—
So fair a course thou wilt not fly,
But one by one surmount the bars.

B. F. P.

PLAN OF THE WEST ROXBURY COMMUNITY.

In the last number of the Dial were some remarks, under the perhaps ambitious title, of "A Glimpse of Christ's Idea of Society;" in a note to which, it was intimated, that in this number, would be given an account of an attempt to realize in some degree this great Ideal, by a little company in the midst of us, as yet without name or visible existence. The attempt is made on a very small scale. A few individuals, who, unknown to each other, under different disciplines of life, reacting from different social evils, but aiming at the same object, — of being wholly true to their natures as men and women; have been made acquainted with one another, and have determined to become the Faculty of the Embryo University.

In order to live a religious and moral life worthy the name, they feel it is necessary to come out in some degree from the world, and to form themselves into a community of property, so far as to exclude competition and the ordinary rules of trade; — while they reserve sufficient private property, or the means of obtaining it, for all purposes of independence, and isolation at will. They have bought a farm, in order to make agriculture the basis of their life, it being the most direct and simple in relation to nature.

A true life, although it aims beyond the highest star, is redolent of the healthy earth. The perfume of clover lingers about it. The lowing of cattle is the natural bass to the melody of human voices.

On the other hand, what absurdity can be imagined greater than the institution of cities? They originated not in love, but in war. It was war that drove men together in multitudes, and compelled them to stand so close, and build walls around them. This crowded condition produces wants of an unnatural character, which resulted in occupations that regenerated the evil, by creating artificial wants. Even when that thought of grief,

> "I know, where'er I go
> That there hath passed away a glory from the Earth,"

came to our first parents, as they saw the angel, with the flaming sword of self-consciousness, standing between them

and the recovery of spontaneous Life and Joy, we cannot believe they could have anticipated a time would come, when the sensuous apprehension of Creation — the great symbol of God — would be taken away from their unfortunate children, — crowded together in such a manner as to shut out the free breath and the Universal Dome of Heaven, some opening their eyes in the dark cellars of the narrow, crowded streets of walled cities. How could they have believed in such a conspiracy against the soul, as to deprive it of the sun and sky, and glorious apparelled Earth! — The growth of cities, which were the embryo of nations hostile to each other, is a subject worthy the thoughts and pen of the philosophic historian. Perhaps nothing would stimulate courage to seek, and hope to attain social good, so much, as a profound history of the origin, in the mixed nature of man, and the exasperation by society, of the various organized Evils under which humanity groans. Is there anything, which exists in social or political life, contrary to the soul's Ideal? That thing is not eternal, but finite, saith the Pure Reason. It had a beginning, and so a history. What man has done, man may *undo*. "By man came death; by man also cometh the resurrection from the dead."

The plan of the Community, as an Economy, is in brief this; for all who have property to take stock, and receive a fixed interest thereon; then to keep house or board in commons, as they shall severally desire, at the cost of provisions purchased at wholesale, or raised on the farm; and for all to labor in community, and be paid at a certain rate an hour, choosing their own number of hours, and their own kind of work. With the results of this labor, and their interest, they are to pay their board, and also purchase whatever else they require at cost, at the warehouses of the Community, which are to be filled by the Community as such. To perfect this economy, in the course of time they must have all trades, and all modes of business carried on among themselves, from the lowest mechanical trade, which contributes to the health and comfort of life, to the finest art which adorns it with food or drapery for the mind.

All labor, whether bodily or intellectual, is to be paid at the same rate of wages; on the principle, that as the labor

becomes merely bodily, it is a greater sacrifice to the individual laborer, to give his time to it; because time is desirable for the cultivation of the intellect, in exact proportion to ignorance. Besides, intellectual labor involves in itself higher pleasures, and is more its own reward, than bodily labor.

Another reason, for setting the same pecuniary value on every kind of labor, is, to give outward expression to the great truth, that all labor is sacred, when done for a common interest. Saints and philosophers already know this, but the childish world does not; and very decided measures must be taken to equalize labors, in the eyes of the young of the community, who are not beyond the moral influences of the world without them. The community will have nothing done within its precincts, but what is done by its own members, who stand all in social equality; — that the children may not "learn to expect one kind of service from Love and Goodwill, and another from the obligation of others to render it," — a grievance of the common society stated, by one of the associated mothers, as destructive of the soul's simplicity. Consequently, as the Universal Education will involve all kinds of operation, necessary to the comforts and elegances of life, every associate, even if he be the digger of a ditch as his highest accomplishment, will be an instructer in that to the young members. Nor will this elevation of bodily labor be liable to lower the tone of manners and refinement in the community. The "children of light" are not altogether unwise in their generation. They have an invisible but all-powerful guard of principles. Minds incapable of refinement, will not be attracted into this association. It is an Ideal community, and only to the ideally inclined will it be attractive; but these are to be found in every rank of life, under every shadow of circumstance. Even among the diggers in the ditch are to be found some, who through religious cultivation, can look down, in meek superiority, upon the outwardly refined, and the book-learned.

Besides, after becoming members of this community, none will be engaged merely in bodily labor. The hours of labor for the Association will be limited by a general law, and can be curtailed at the will of the individual still more; and means will be given to all for intellectual im-

provement and for social intercourse, calculated to refine and expand. The hours redeemed from labor by community, will not be reapplied to the acquisition of wealth, but to the production of intellectual goods. This community aims to be rich, not in the metallic representative of wealth, but in the wealth itself, which money should represent; namely, LEISURE TO LIVE IN ALL THE FACULTIES OF THE SOUL. As a community, it will traffic with the world at large, in the products of Agricultural labor; and it will sell education to as many young persons as can be domesticated in the families, and enter into the common life with their own children. In the end, it hopes to be enabled to provide — not only all the necessaries, but all the elegances desirable for bodily and for spiritual health; books, apparatus, collections for science, works of art, means of beautiful amusement. These things are to be common to all; and thus that object, which alone gilds and refines the passion for individual accumulation, will no longer exist for desire, and whenever the Sordid passion appears, it will be seen in its naked selfishness. In its ultimate success, the community will realize all the ends which selfishness seeks, but involved in spiritual blessings, which only greatness of soul can aspire after.

And the requisitions on the individuals, it is believed, will make this the order forever. The spiritual good will always be the condition of the temporal. Every one must labor for the community in a reasonable degree, or not taste its benefits. The principles of the organization therefore, and not its probable results in future time, will determine its members. These principles are coöperation in social matters, instead of competition or balance of interests; and individual self-unfolding, in the faith that the whole soul of humanity is in each man and woman. The former is the application of the love of man; the latter of the love of God, to life. Whoever is satisfied with society, as it is; whose sense of justice is not wounded by its common action, institutions, spirit of commerce, has no business with this community; neither has any one who is willing to have other men (needing more time for intellectual cultivation than himself) give their best hours and strength to bodily labor, to secure himself immunity therefrom. And whoever does not measure what society owes to its members

of cherishing and instruction, by the needs of the individuals that compose it, has no lot in this new society. Whoever is willing to receive from his fellow men that, for which he gives no equivalent, will stay away from its precincts forever.

But whoever shall surrender himself to its principles, shall find that its yoke is easy and its burden light. Everything can be said of it, in a degree, which Christ said of his kingdom, and therefore it is believed that in some measure it does embody his Idea. For its Gate of entrance is straight and narrow. It is literally a pearl *hidden in a field.* Those only who are willing to lose their life for its sake shall find it. Its voice is that which sent the young man sorrowing away. "Go sell all thy goods and give to the poor, and then come and follow me." "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven, and its righteousness, and all other things shall be added to you."

This principle, with regard to labor, lies at the root of moral and religious life; for it is not more true that "money is the root of all evil," than that *labor is the germ of all good.*

All the work is to be offered for the free choice of the members of the community, at stated seasons, and such as is not chosen, will be hired. But it is not anticipated that any work will be set aside to be hired, for which there is actual ability in the community. It is so desirable that the hired labor should be avoided, that it is believed the work will all be done freely, even though at voluntary sacrifice. If there is some exception at first, it is because the material means are inadequate to the reception of all who desire to go. They cannot go, unless they have shelter; and in this climate, they cannot have shelter unless they can build houses; and they cannot build houses unless they have money. It is not here as in Robinson Crusoe's Island, or in the prairies and rocky mountains of the far west, where the land and the wood are not appropriated. A single farm, in the midst of Massachusetts, does not afford range enough for men to create out of the Earth a living, with no other means; as the wild Indians, or the United States Army in Florida may do.

This plan, of letting all persons choose their own departments of action, will immediately place the Genius of In-

struction on its throne. Communication is the life of spiritual life. Knowledge pours itself out upon ignorance by a native impulse. All the arts crave response. "Wisdom cries." If every man and woman taught only what they loved, and so many hours as they could naturally communicate, instruction would cease to be a drudgery, and we may add, learning would be no longer a task. The known accomplishments of many of the members of this association have already secured it an interest in the public mind, as a school of literary advantages quite superior. Most of the associates have had long practical experience in the details of teaching, and have groaned under the necessity of taking their method and law from custom or caprice, when they would rather have found it in the nature of the thing taught, and the condition of the pupil to be instructed. Each instructer appoints his hours of study or recitation, and the scholars, or the parents of the children, or the educational committee, choose the studies, for the time, and the pupils submit, as long as they pursue their studies with any teacher, to his regulations.

As agriculture is the basis of their external life, scientific agriculture, connected with practice, will be a prominent part of the instruction from the first. This obviously involves the natural sciences, mathematics, and accounts. But to classical learning justice is also to be done. Boys may be fitted for our colleges there, and even be carried through the college course. The particular studies of the individual pupils, whether old or young, male or female, are to be strictly regulated, according to their inward needs. As the children of the community can remain in the community after they become of age, as associates, if they will; there will not be an entire subserviency to the end of preparing the means of earning a material subsistence, as is frequently the case now. Nevertheless, as they will have had opportunity, in the course of their minority, to earn three or four hundred dollars, they can leave the community at twenty years of age, if they will, with that sufficient capital, which, together with their extensive education, will gain *a subsistence* anywhere, in the best society of the world. It is this feature of the plan, which may preclude from parents any question as to their right to go into this community, and forego forever all hope of

great individual accumulation *for their children*; a customary plea for spending life in making money. Their children will be supported at free board, until they are ten years of age; educated gratuitously; taken care of in case of their parents' sickness and death; and they themselves will be supported, after seventy years of age, by the community, unless their accumulated capital supports them.

There are some persons who have entered the community without money. It is believed that these will be able to support themselves and dependents, by less work, more completely, and with more ease than elsewhere; while their labor will be of advantage to the community. It is in no sense an eleemosynary establishment, but it is hoped that in the end it will be able to receive all who have the spiritual qualifications.

It seems impossible that the little organization can be looked on with any unkindness by the world without it. Those, who have not the faith that the principles of Christ's kingdom are applicable to real life in the world, will smile at it, as a visionary attempt. But even they must acknowledge it can do no harm, in any event. If it realizes the hope of its founders, it will immediately become a manifold blessing. Its moral *aura* must be salutary. As long as it lasts, it will be an example of the beauty of brotherly love. If it succeeds in uniting successful labor with improvement in mind and manners, it will teach a noble lesson to the agricultural population, and do something to check that rush from the country to the city, which is now stimulated by ambition, and by something better, even a desire for learning. Many a young man leaves the farmer's life, because only by so doing can he have intellectual companionship and opportunity; and yet, did he but know it, professional life is ordinarily more unfavorable to the perfection of the mind, than the farmer's life; if the latter is lived with wisdom and moderation, and the labor mingled as it might be with study. This community will be a school for young agriculturalists, who may learn within its precincts, not only the skilful practice, but the scientific reasons of their work, and be enabled afterwards to improve their art continuously. It will also prove the best of normal schools, and as such, may claim the interest of those, who mourn over the inefficiency of our common school system, with its present ill-instructed teachers.

It should be understood also, that after all the working and teaching, which individuals of the community may do, they will still have leisure, and in that leisure can employ themselves in connexion with the world around them. Some will not teach at all; and those especially can write books, pursue the Fine Arts, for private emolument if they will, and exercise various functions of men. — From this community might go forth preachers of the gospel of Christ, who would not have upon them the odium, or the burthen, that now diminishes the power of the clergy. And even if *pastors* were to go from this community, to reside among congregations as now, for a salary given, the fact, that they would have something to retreat upon, at any moment, would save them from that virtual dependence on their congregations, which now corrupts the relation. There are doubtless beautiful instances of the old true relation of pastor and people, even of teacher and taught, in the decaying churches around us, but it is in vain to attempt to conceal the ghastly fact, that many a taper is burning dimly in the candlestick, no longer silver or golden, because compassion forbids to put it quite out. But let the spirit again blow "where it listeth," and not circumscribe itself by salary and other commodity, — and the Preached word might reassume the awful Dignity which is its appropriate garment; and though it sit down with publicans and sinners, again speak "with authority and not as the scribes."

We write, as is evident perhaps, not as members, which we are not, but interested spectators of the growth of this little community. It is due to their modesty to apologize for bringing out so openly, what they have done simply and without pretension. We rest on the spirit of the day, which is that of communication. No sooner does the life of man become visible, but it is a part of the great phenomenon of nature, which never seeks display, but suffers all to speculate thereon. When this speculation is made in respect, and in love of truth, it is most to be defended. We shall now proceed to make some observations that may sound like criticism, but this we do without apology, for earnest seekers of a true life are not liable to be petulant.

The very liberality, and truth to nature of the plan, is a legitimate reason for fearing it will not succeed as a special

community in any given time. The vineyard does not always yield according to the reasonable expectation of its Lord. When he looks for grapes, behold it brings forth wild grapes. For outward success there must always be compromise, and where it is so much the object to avoid the dangers of compromise, as there very properly is here, there is perhaps danger of not taking advantage of such as nature offers.

One of these is the principle of antagonism. It is fair to take advantage of this in one respect. The members may be stimulated to faithfulness and hope, by the spectacle of society around them, whose unnecessary evils can be clearly seen to be folly, as well as sin, from their retreat. The spirit of liberality must be discriminated from the spirit of accommodation. Love is a stern principle, a severe winnower, when it is one with the pure Reason; as it must be, to be holy, and to be effective. It is a very different thing from indulgence. Some persons have said that in order to a true experiment, and to enact a really generous faith in man, there should be any neighborhood taken without discrimination, with the proportion, that may happen to be in it, of the good and bad, the strong and weak. But we differ as to the application in this instance. They are so little fenced about with rules and barriers, that they have no chance but by being strong in the spirit. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," must be their watch-word, with respect to the organized falsehoods they have protested against; and with respect to means of successful manifestation, the aphorism of St. Augustine, "God is patient because he is Eternal."

To be a little more explicit. The men and women of the world, as they rise, are not at the present moment wise enough, in the Hebrew sense of the word wisdom, even if they are good-intentioned enough, to enter into a plan of so great mutual confidence. To all the evils arising from constitutional infirmity and perversion they must, especially at first, be exposed. There will always be natures too cold to satisfy the warm-hearted, too narrow for the enjoyment of the wide-visioned, some will be deficient in reason, and some in sensibility, and there will be many who, from defect of personal power, will let run to waste beautiful hearts, and not turn to account great insight of natural wisdom.

Love, justice, patience, forbearance, every virtue under heaven, are always necessary in order to do the social duties. There is no knot that magnanimity cannot untie; but the Almighty Wisdom and Goodness will not allow any tower to be builded by the children of men, where they can understand one another *without* this solvent magnanimity. There must ever be sincerity of good design, and organic truth, for the evolution of Beauty.

Now there can be only one way of selecting and winnowing their company. The power to do this must be inherent in their constitution; they must keep sternly true to their principles.

In the first place, they must not compromise their principle of labor, in receiving members. Every one, who has any personal power, whether bodily or mental, must bring the contribution of personal service, no matter how much money he brings besides. This personal service is not to amount to drudgery in any instance, but in every able-bodied or sound-minded person, it should be at least equivalent to the care of their own persons. Exchange, or barter of labor, so as to distribute to each according to his genius, is to be the means of ease, indefinitely, but no absolute dispensation should be given, except for actual infirmity. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," is always the word of the divine humanity.

But granting that they keep the gate of entrance narrow, as the gate of life, which is being as liberal as the moral Law, a subtle temptation assails them from the side of their Organization. Wo be unto them if they lean upon it; if they ever forget that it is only what they have made it, and what they sustain it to be. It not only must be ever instinct with spirit, but it must never be thought, even then, to circumscribe the spirit. It can do nothing more, even if it work miracles, than make bread out of stones, and after all, man liveth not by bread alone, but by *every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.* Another temptation assails them, clothed as an angel of light. The lover of man finds in his benevolence a persuasive advocate, when the Devil proposes to him to begin by taking possession of the kingdoms of this world, according to his ability. In their ardor for means of success, they may touch the mammon of unrighteousness. They will be ex-

posed to endowment. Many persons, enlightened enough to be unwilling to let the wealth, they have gained by the accident of birth or of personal talent, go to exasperate the evil of present society, will be disposed to give it, or to leave it as a legacy to this community, and it would be asceticism to refuse it absolutely. But they should receive it greatly. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him *only* shalt thou *serve*." No person who proposes to endow the community as a University, or as the true system of life, understands what he does, unless he surrenders what he gives, unconditionally, in the same spirit of faith, with which the members throw themselves in, with their lives, their property, and sacred honor. At all events it would violate their principle of progress to accept anything with conditions; unless indeed it may be considered a condition, that they remain an association, governed by the majority of members, according to its present general constitution.

It were better even to forego the advantage of good buildings, apparatus, library, than to have these shackles. — Though space cannot now be given to do more than state these points, it might be demonstrated that to keep to them, is essential to independence, and can alone justify the conscience of endower and endowed.

Another danger which should be largely treated is the spirit of coterie. The breadth of their platform, which admits all sects; and the generality of their plan, which demands all degrees of intellectual culture to begin with, is some security against this. But the ultimate security must be in numbers. Some may say, "already this taint has come upon them, for they are doubtless *transcendentalists*." But to mass a few protestants together and call them transcendentalists, is a popular cant. Transcendentalism belongs to no sect of religion, and no social party. It is the common ground to which all sects may rise, and be purified of their narrowness; for it consists in seeking the spiritual ground of all manifestations. As already in the pages of this periodical, Calvinist, and Unitarian, and Episcopalian, and Baptist, and Quaker, and Swedenborgian, have met and spoken in love and freedom, on this common basis; so it would be seen, if the word were understood, that transcendentalism, notwithstanding its

name is taken in vain by many moonshiny youths and misses who assume it, would be the best of all guards against the spirit of coterie. Much as we respect our friends of the community, we dare not hope for them quite so much, as to aver that they *transcend*, as yet, all the limitations that separate men from love and mutual trust.

> Serene will be our days and bright,
> And happy will our nature be,
> When Love is an unerring light
> And Joy its own security.
> And blest are they who in the main
> This faith, even now, do entertain;
> Live in the spirit of this creed;
> Yet find the *strength of Law* according to their need!

We had intended to subjoin some further remarks, by way of inquiry, into the possibility of other portions of society, not able to emancipate themselves from the thraldom of city life, beginning also to act, in a degree, on the principles of coöperation. Ameliorations of present evils, initiation into truer life, may be made we believe everywhere. Worldly wisdom, for its own purposes, avails itself of what is outward in the community plan; at least of the labor-saving element. Why may not the children of light be equally wise?

There may be some persons, at a distance, who will ask, to what degree has this community gone into operation? We cannot answer this with precision, for we do not write as organs of this association, and have reason to feel, that if we applied to them for information, they would refuse it, out of their dislike to appear in public. We desire this to be distinctly understood. But we can see, and think we have a right to say, that it has purchased the Farm, which some of its members cultivated for a year with success, by way of trying their love and skill for agricultural labor; — that in the only house they are as yet rich enough to own, is collected a large family, including several boarding scholars, and that all work and study together. They seem to be glad to know of all, who desire to join them in the spirit, that at any moment, when they are able to enlarge their habitations, they may call together those that belong to them.

E. P. P.

THE PARK.

The prosperous and beautiful
To me seem not to wear
The yoke of conscience masterful
Which galls me everywhere.

I cannot shake off the god;
On my neck he makes his seat;
I look at my face in the glass,
My eyes his eyeballs meet.

Enchanters! Enchantresses!
Your gold makes you seem wise:
The morning mist within your grounds
More proudly rolls, more softly lies.

Yet spake yon purple mountain,
Yet said yon ancient wood,
That Night or Day, that Love or Crime
Lead all souls to the Good.

FORBEARANCE.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun,
Loved the woodrose and left it on its stalk,
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse,
Unarmed faced danger with a heart of trust,
And loved so well a high behavior
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay? —
O be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

GRACE.

How much, Preventing God! how much I owe
To the defences thou hast round me set:
Example, custom, fear, occasion slow, —
These scorned bondmen were my parapet.
I dare not peep over this parapet
To guage with glance the roaring gulf below,
The depths of sin to which I had descended,
Had not these me against myself defended.

THE SENSES AND THE SOUL.

"WHAT we know is a point to what we do not know." The first questions are still to be asked. Let any man bestow a thought on himself, how he came hither, and whither he tends, and he will find that all the literature, all the philosophy that is on record, have done little to dull the edge of inquiry. The globe that swims so silently with us through the sea of space, has never a port, but with its little convoy of friendly orbs pursues its voyage through the signs of heaven, to renew its navigation again forever. The wonderful tidings our glasses and calendars give us concerning the hospitable lights that hang around us in the deep, do not appease but inflame our curiosity; and in like manner, our culture does not lead to any goal, but its richest results of thought and action are only new preparation.

Here on the surface of our swimming earth we come out of silence into society already formed, into language, customs, and traditions, ready made, and the multitude of our associates discountenance us from expressing any surprise at the somewhat agreeable novelty of Being, and frown down any intimation on our part of a disposition to assume our own vows, to preserve our independence, and to institute any inquiry into the sweet and sublime vision which surrounds us.

And yet there seems no need that any should fear we should grow too wise. The path of truth has obstacles enough of its own. We dwell on the surface of nature. We dwell amidst surfaces; and surface laps so closely on surface, that we cannot easily pierce to see the interior organism. Then the subtlety of things! Under every cause, another cause. Truth soars too high or dives too deep for the most resolute inquirer. See of how much we know nothing. See the strange position of man. Our science neither comprehends him as a whole, nor any one of its particulars. See the action and reaction of Will and Necessity. See his passions, and their origin in the deeps of nature and circumstance. See the Fear that rides even the brave. See the omnipresent Hope, whose fountains in our consciousness no metaphysician can find. Consider

the phenomenon of Laughter, and explore the elements of the Comic. What do we know of the mystery of Music? and what of Form? why this stroke, this outline should express beauty, and that other not? See the occult region of Demonology, with coincidence, foresight, dreams, and omens. Consider the appearance of Death, the formidable secret of our destiny, looming up as the barrier of nature.

Our ignorance is great enough, and yet the fact most surprising is not our ignorance, but the aversation of men from knowledge. That which, one would say, would unite all minds and join all hands, the ambition to push as far as fate would permit, the planted garden of man on every hand into the kingdom of Night, really fires the heart of few and solitary men. Tell men to study themselves, and for the most part, they find nothing less interesting. Whilst we walk environed before and behind with Will, Fate, Hope, Fear, Love, and Death, these phantoms or angels, whom we catch at but cannot embrace, it is droll to see the contentment and incuriosity of man. All take for granted, — the learned as well as the unlearned, — that a great deal, nay, almost all, is known and forever settled. But in truth all is now to be begun, and every new mind ought to take the attitude of Columbus, launch out from the gaping loiterers on the shore, and sail west for a new world.

This profound ignorance, this deep sleep of the higher faculties of man, coexists with a great abundance of what are called the means of learning, great activity of book-making, and of formal teaching. Go into one of our public libraries, when a new box of books and journals has arrived with the usual importation of the periodical literature of England. The best names of Britain are on the covers. What a mass of literary production for a single week or month! We speculate upon it before we read. We say, what an invention is the press and the journal, by which a hundred pale students, each a hive of distilled flowers of learning, of thought, — each a poet, — each an accomplished man whom the selectest influences have joined to breed and enrich, are made to unite their manifold streams for the information and delight of everybody who can read! How lame is speech, how imperfect the communication of

the ancient Harper, wandering from castle to hamlet, to sing to a vagrant audience his melodious thoughts! These unopened books contain the chosen verses of a hundred minstrels, born, living, and singing in distant countries and different languages; for, the intellectual wealth of the world, like its commercial, rolls to London, and through that great heart is hurled again to the extremities. And here, too, is the result, not poetic, of how much thought, how much experience, and how much suffering of wise and cultivated men! How can we in America expect books of our own, whilst this bale of wisdom arrives once or twice in a month at our ports?

In this mind we open the books, and begin to read. We find they are books about books; and then perhaps the book criticized was itself a compilation or digest of others; so that the page we read is at third or fourth hand from the event or sentiment which it describes. Then we find that much the largest proportion of the pages relates exclusively to matter of fact — to the superficial fact, and, as if systematically, shuns any reference to a thought or law which the fact indicated. A large part again, both of the prose and verse, is gleanings from old compositions, and the oft repeated praise of such is repeated in the phrase of the present day. We have even the mortification to find one more deduction still from our anticipated prize, namely, that a large portion of ostentatious criticism is merely a hired advertisement of the great booksellers. In the course of our turning of leaves, we fall at last on an extraordinary passage — a record of thought and virtue, or a clarion strain of poetry, or perchance a traveller makes us acquainted with strange modes of life and some relic of primeval religion, or, rarer yet, a profound sentence is here printed — shines here new but eternal on these linen pages, — we wonder whence it came, — or perhaps trace it instantly home — *aut Erasmus aut Diabolus* — to the only head it could come from.

A few thoughts are all we glean from the best inspection of the paper pile; all the rest is combination and confectionary. A little part abides in our memory, and goes to exalt the sense of duty, and make us happier. For the rest, our heated expectation is chilled and disappointed.

Some indirect benefit will no doubt accrue. If we read with braced and active mind, we learn this negative fact, itself a piece of human life. We contrast this mountain of dross with the grains of gold, — we oversee the writer, and learn somewhat of the laws of writing. But a lesson as good we might be learning elsewhere.

Now what is true of a month's or a year's issue of new books, seems to me with a little qualification true of the age. The *stock-writers*, (for the honesty of the literary class has given this population a name,) vastly outnumber the thinking men. One man, two men, — possibly, three or four, — have cast behind them the long-descended costume of the academy, and the expectations of fashion, and have said, This world is too fair, this world comes home too near to me than that I should walk a stranger in it, and live at second-hand, fed by other men's doctrines, or treading only in their steps; I feel a higher right herein, and will hearken to the Oracle myself. Such have perceived the extreme poverty of literature, have seen that there was not and could not be help for the fervent soul, except through its own energy. But the great number of those who have voluminously ministered to the popular tastes were men of talents, who had some feat which each could do with words, but who have not added to wisdom or to virtue. Talent amuses; Wisdom instructs. Talent shows me what another man can do; Genius acquaints me with the spacious circuits of the common nature. One is carpentry; the other is growth. To make a step into the world of thought is now given to but few men; to make a second step beyond the first, only one in a country can do; but to carry the thought on to three steps, marks a great teacher. Aladdin's palace with its one unfinished window, which all the gems in the royal treasury cannot finish in the style of the meanest of the profusion of jewelled windows that were built by the Genie in a night, is but too true an image of the efforts of talent to add one verse to the copious text which inspiration writes by one or another scribe from age to age.

It is not that the literary class or those for whom they write, are not lovers of truth, and amenable to principles. All are so. The hunger of men for truth is immense; but they are not erect on their feet; the senses are too strong

for the soul. Our senses barbarize us. When the ideal world recedes before the senses, we are on a retrograde march. The savage surrenders to his senses; he is subject to paroxysms of joy and fear; he is lewd, and a drunkard. The Esquimaux in the exhilaration of the morning sun, when he is invigorated by sleep, will sell his bed. He is the fool of the moment's sensations to the degree of losing sight of the whole amount of his sensations in so many years. And there is an Esquimaux in every man which makes us believe in the permanence of this moment's state of our game more than our own experience will warrant. In the fine day we despise the house. At sea, the passengers always judge from the weather of the present moment of the probable length of the voyage. In a fresh breeze, they are sure of a good run; becalmed, they are equally sure of a long passage. In trade, the momentary state of the markets betrays continually the experienced and long-sighted. In politics, and in our opinion of the prospects of society, we are in like manner the slaves of the hour. Meet one or two malignant declaimers, and we are weary of life, and distrust the permanence of good institutions. A single man in a ragged coat at an election looks revolutionary. But ride in a stage-coach with one or two benevolent persons in good spirits, and the Republic seems to us safe.

It is but an extension of the despotism of sense, — shall I say, only a calculated sensuality, — a little more comprehensive devotion which subjugates the eminent and the reputed wise, and hinders an ideal culture. In the great stakes which the leaders of society esteem not at all fanciful but solid, in the best reputed professions and operations, what is there which will bear the scrutiny of reason? The most active lives have so much routine as to preclude progress almost equally with the most inactive. We defer to the noted merchants whose influence is felt not only in their native cities, but in most parts of the globe; but our respect does them and ourselves great injustice, for their trade is without system, their affairs unfold themselves after no law of the mind; but are bubble built on bubble without end; a work of arithmetic, not of commerce, much less of considerate humanity. They add voyage to voyage, and buy stocks that they may buy stocks, and no ulterior

purpose is thought of. When you see their dexterity in particulars, you cannot overestimate the resources of good sense, and when you find how empty they are of all remote aims, you cannot underestimate their philosophy.

The men of letters and the professions we have charged with the like surrender to routine. It is no otherwise with the men of office. Statesmen are solitary. At no time do they form a class. Governments, for the most part, are carried on by political merchants quite without principle, and according to the maxims of trade and huckster; so that what is true of merchants is true of public officers. Why should we suffer ourselves to be cheated by sounding names and fair shows? The titles, the property, the notoriety, the brief consequence of our fellows are only the decoration of the sacrifice, and add to the melancholy of the observer.

> "The earth goes on the earth glittering with gold,
> The earth goes to the earth sooner than it should,
> The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
> The earth says to the earth, all this is ours."

All this is covered up by the speedy succession of the particulars, which tread so close on each other's heel, as to allow no space for the man to question the whole thing. There is somewhat terrific in this mask of routine. Captain Franklin, after six weeks travelling on the ice to the North Pole, found himself two hundred miles south of the spot he had set out from. The ice had floated; and we sometimes start to think we are spelling out the same sentences, saying the same words, repeating the same acts as in former years. Our ice may float also.

This preponderance of the senses can we balance and redress? Can we give permanence to the lightnings of thought which lick up in a moment these combustible mountains of sensation and custom, and reveal the moral order after which the world is to be rebuilt anew? Grave questions truly, but such as leave us no option. To know the facts is already a choosing of sides, ranges us on the party of Light and Reason, sounds the signal for the strife, and prophesies an end to the insanity and a restoration of the balance and rectitude of man.

EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF ESSEX,

Spoken in the character of the Queen. — From the German of Goethe.
(*She advances, leaving her attendants in the background.*)

No Essex here! Unblest! They give no sign;
And shall such live while Earth's best nobleness
Departs and leaves her barren. Now, too late,
Weakness and cunning both are exorcised.
How could I trust those whom I knew so well?
Am I not like the fool of fable — he
Who in his bosom warmed the frozen viper,
And fancied man might hope for gratitude
From the betrayer's seed. — Away. — begone —
No breath — no sound shall here insult my anguish;
Essex is dumb and they shall all be so;
No human presence shall control my mood;
Begone, I say. The Queen would be alone.
(*They all go out.*)
Alone and still. — This day the cup of woe
Is full, and while I drain its bitter dregs
Calm — queenlike — stern — I would review the past.
Well it becomes the favorite of fortune,
The royal arbitress of others' weal,
The world's desire, and England's deity,
Self-poised, self-governed, clear and firm to gaze
Where others close their aching eyes — to dream.

Who feels imperial courage glow within
Fears not the mines which lie beneath the throne,
Bold he ascends, though knowing well his peril,
Majestical and fearless holds the sceptre;
The golden circlet of enormous weight
He wears, with brow serene and smiling air,
As though a myrtle chaplet graced his temples;
And thus didst thou. The far-removed thy power
Attracted and subjected to thy will;
The hates and fears which oft beset thy way
Were seen, were met, and conquered by thy courage;
Thy tyrant father's wrath, thy mother's hapless fate,
Thy sister's harshness — all were cast behind;
And to a soul like thine, bonds and hard usage
Taught fortitude, prudence, and self-command,
To act or to endure. Fate did the rest;
One brilliant day thou heardst "Long live the Queen!"
A Queen thou wast. And, in the heart's despite,
Despite the foes without, within, who ceaseless
Have threatened war and death, a Queen thou art
And wilt be while a spark of life remains.
Yet this last deadly blow — I feel it *here*,
(*laying her hand on her heart.*)

But the low-prying world shall ne'er perceive it.
Actress! they call me! — 'T is a queen's vocation;
The people stare and whisper — What would they
But acting to amuse them? Is deceit
Unknown, except in regal palaces?
The child at play already is an actor.
Still to thyself, let weal or woe betide,
Elizabeth, be true and steadfast ever,
Maintain thy fixed reserve; 't is just; What heart
Can sympathize with a Queen's agony?
The false, false world, it woos me for my treasures,
My favors, and the place my smile confers,
And if for love I offer mutual love,
My minion, not content, must have the crown.
'T was thus with Essex. Yet to thee, O heart,
I dare to say it, thy all died with him.
Man must experience, be he who he may,
Of bliss a last irrevocable day.
Each owns this true, yet cannot bear to live,
And feel the last has come, the last has gone —
That never eye again in earnest tenderness
Shall turn to him, no heart shall thickly beat
When his footfall is heard, no speaking blush
Tell the soul's wild delight at meeting — never
Rapture in presence — hope in absence more
Be his — no Sun of Love illume his landscape;
Yet thus it is with me, within the heart
Deep night, — without no star. — What all the host
To me — my Essex fallen from the heavens!
To me he was the centre of the world,
The ornament of time. Wood, lawn, or hall,
The busy mart, the verdant solitude
To me were but the frame of one bright image.
That face is dust; those lustrous eyes are closed,
And the frame mocks me with its empty centre.

How nobly free, how gallantly he bore him,
The charms of youth combined with manhood's vigor;
How sage his counsel, and how warm his valor,
The glowing fire, and the aspiring flame,
Even in his presumption he was kingly.
Yet ah! does memory cheat me? what was all
Since truth was wanting and the man I loved
Could court his death to vent his anger on me,
And I must punish him or live degraded?
I chose the first, but in his death I died,
Land, sea, church, people, throne, — all, all are naught;
I live a living death and call it royalty.
Yet, wretched ruler o'er these empty gauds,
A part remains to play and I will play it.
A purple mantle hides my empty heart;
The kingly crown adorns my aching brow;
And pride conceals my anguish from the world.

But, in the still and ghostly midnight hour,
From each intruding eye and ear set free,
I still may shed the bitter, hopeless tear,
Nor fear the babbling of the earless walls.
I to myself may say, — I die, I die;
Elizabeth, unfriended and alone,
So die as thou hast lived, alone, but queenlike.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

The more liberal thought of intelligent persons acquires a new name in each period or community; and in ours, by no very good luck, as it sometimes appears to us, has been designated as Transcendentalism. We have every day occasion to remark its perfect identity, under whatever new phraseology or application to new facts, with the liberal thought of all men of a religious and contemplative habit in other times and countries. We were lately so much struck with two independent testimonies to this fact, proceeding from persons, one in sympathy with the Quakers, and the other with the Calvinistic Church, that we have begged the privilege to transcribe an extract from two private letters, in order that we might bring them together.

The Calvinist writes to his Correspondent after this manner.

"All the peculiarities of the theology, denominated Trinitarian, are directly or indirectly transcendental. The sinfulness of man involves the supposition of a nature in man, which transcends all limits of animal life and of social moralities. The reality of spirit, in the highest sense of that holy word, as the essence of God and the inward ground and law of man's being and doing, is supposed both in the fact of sin, and the possibility of redemption from sin. The mystery of the Father revealed only in the Son as the Word of Life, the Light which illumines every man, outwardly in the incarnation and offering for sin, inwardly as the Christ in us, energetic and quickening in the inspirations of the Holy Spirit, — the great mystery wherein we find redemption, this, like the rest, is transcendental. So throughout, as might be shown by the same induction suggested in relation to another aspect of the matter. Now here is my point. Trinitarians, whose whole system from beginning to end is transcendental, ideal, — an idea is the highest truth, — war against the very foundations of whatever is transcendental, ideal; all must be empiric, sensuous, inductive. A system, which used to create and sustain the most fervid enthusiasm, as is its nature, for it makes God all in all, leads in crusade against all even the purest and gentlest enthusiasm. It fights for the letter of Orthodoxy, for usage, for custom, for tradition, against the Spirit as it breathes like

healing air through the damps and unwholesome swamps, or like strong wind throwing down rotten trees and rotten frameworks of men. It builds up with one hand the Temple of Truth on the outside; and with the other works as in frenzy to tear up its very foundations. So has it seemed to me. The transcendentalists do not err in excess but in defect, if I understand the case. They do not hold wild dreams for realities; the vision is deeper, broader, more spiritual than they have seen. They do not believe with too strong faith; their faith is too dim of sight, too feeble of grasp, too wanting in certainty. I regret that they should ever seem to undervalue the Scriptures. For those scriptures have flowed out of the same spirit which is in every pure heart; and I would have the one spirit recognise and respond to itself under all the multiform shapes of word, of deed, of faith, of love, of thought, of affection, in which it is enrobed; just as that spirit in us recognises and responds to itself now in the gloom of winter, now in the cheer of summer, now in the bloom of spring, now in the maturity of autumn; and in all the endless varieties of each."

The Friend writes thus.

Hold fast, I beseech you, to the resolution to wait for light from the Lord. Go not to men for a creed, faint not, but be of good courage. The darkness is only for a season. We must be willing to tarry the Lord's time in the wilderness, if we would enter the Promised Land. The purest saints that I have ever known were long, very long, in darkness and in doubt. Even when they had firm faith, they were long without *feeling* what they *believed in*. One told me he was two years in chaotic darkness, without an inch of firm ground to stand upon, watching for the dayspring from on high, and after this long probation it shone upon his path, and he has walked by its light for years. Do not fear or regret your isolation from men, your difference from all around you. It is often necessary to the enlargement of the soul that it should thus dwell alone for a season, and when the mystical union of God and man shall be completely developed, and you feel yourself newly born a child of light, one of the sons of God, you will also feel new ties to your fellow men; you will love them all in God, and each will be to you whatever their state will permit them to be.

"It is very interesting to me to see, as I do, all around me here, the essential doctrines of the Quakers revived, modified, stript of all that puritanism and sectarianism had heaped upon them, and made the foundation of an intellectual philosophy, that is illuminating the finest minds and reaches the wants of the least cultivated. The more I reflect upon the Quakers, the more I admire the early ones, and am surprised at their being so far in advance of their age, but they have educated the world till it is now able to go beyond those teachers.

"Spiritual growth, which they considered at variance with intellectual culture, is now wedded to it, and man's whole nature is advanced. The intellectual had so lorded it over the moral, that much onesided cultivation was requisite to make things even. I remember when your intellect was all in all, and the growth of the moral sense came after. It has now taken its proper place in your mind, and the intellect appears for a time prostrate, but in due season both will go on harmoniously, and you will be a perfect man. If you suffer more than many before coming into the light, it is because your character is deeper and your happy enlargement will be proportioned to it."

The identity, which the writer of this letter finds between the speculative opinions of serious persons at the present moment, and those entertained by the first Quakers, is indeed so striking as to have drawn a very general attention of late years to the history of that sect. Of course, in proportion to the depth of the experience, will be its independence on time and circumstances, yet one can hardly read George Fox's Journal, or Sewel's History of the Quakers, without many a rising of joyful surprise at the correspondence of facts and expressions to states of thought and feeling, with which we are very familiar. The writer justly remarks the equal adaptation of the philosophy in question "to the finest minds, and to the least cultivated." And so we add in regard to these works, that quite apart from the pleasure of reading modern history in old books, the reader will find another reward in the abundant illustration they furnish to the fact, that wherever the religious enthusiasm makes its appearance, it supplies the place of poetry and philosophy and of learned discipline, and inspires by itself the same vastness of thinking; so that in learning the religious experiences of a strong but untaught mind, you seem to have suggested in turn all the sects of the philosophers.

We seize the occasion to adorn our pages with the dying speech of James Naylor, one of the companions of Fox, who had previously been for eight years a common soldier in the army. Its least service will be to show how far the religious sentiment could exalt the thinking and purify the language of the most uneducated men.

"There is a spirit which I feel," said James Naylor a few hours before his death, "that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exultation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptations. As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it; for its ground and spring is the mercies and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned, and it takes its kingdom with entreaty, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it, or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth but through sufferings; for with the world's joy it is murdered. I found it alone being forsaken. I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens and desolate places of the earth, who through death obtained this resurrection and eternal holy life."

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

PLAN OF SALVATION.*

This book is brought forward in a somewhat peculiar manner. Its author conceals his name, and declares that even his personal friends will not probably be able to detect him. He professes to believe that the method of inquiry pursued in this book is the only one which can satisfy any intelligent inquirer of the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and that no other treatise which he is acquainted with, contains such a course of reasoning. "A very small edition has been published. There is one class of men into whose hands the author is not desirous that the book should immediately fall. Some copies will be distributed, and a few placed in the bookstores for sale. Should any be sold at the price asked for them, a portion of the money will be devoted to advance the interests of evangelical Christianity." The book is dedicated to Dr. William. E. Channing, and the author modestly intimates his hope that it may have the effect of converting him to the truth.

The work, thus introduced to us, we have read with attention. We find in it considerable power of intellect, but much narrowness, many acute thoughts, but no large or profound views. We should like to change the name of the book, and call it "An argument to show the adaptation of revealed religion to some parts of man's nature and circumstances." It contains very little philosophy, and its logic even is often weak, and rather plausible than convincing. It is a lawyer-like attempt at demonstrating certain points, having both the merits and the faults of special pleading.

The substance of the argument may be thus stated. "Take man as he is, with his present nature and circumstances, and the mode of operation ascribed to God in the Old and New Testaments is the only one by which he could be saved from sin and misery. The religion of the Bible is therefore worthy of God." Or, to state it syllogistically, the argument stands thus.

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* Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation. A book for the times. By an American Citizen. *Cupimus enim investigare quid verum sit: neque id solum, sed quod cum veritate, pietatem, quoque præterea erga Deum habeat conjunctam.* — Sadolet. New York: Published for the Author. 1841.

FIRST SYLLOGISM.

1. There is but one way by which man, as he actually exists, can be redeemed from sin.
2. But this one way is that taken in the Bible.
3. Therefore the religion of the Bible takes the only way to redeem man from sin.

SECOND SYLLOGISM.

1. The religion, which adopts the only way of redeeming man, must be from God.
2. But the Bible is such a religion.
3. Therefore the Bible is of God.

Now, supposing the major and minor propositions of the first syllogism to be proved, the rest follows necessarily. The whole stress of the argument is upon these two. No one will deny, that if our author can show that there is but one way of saving man, and that the religion of the Bible takes that way, that then it is a divine religion. But in order to this, it would seem necessary that he should be acquainted with every imaginable plan of salvation, and able to prove all but one insufficient. But this again would imply a perfect knowledge of human nature, a knowledge which no one, we suppose, would claim to possess. Here, then is a fault which vitiates the entire argument of the book. There is no possibility for any being, not possessing a perfect knowledge of human nature, to prove the main proposition, upon which the whole chain of reasoning depends. Considered as a demonstration, therefore, the whole argument falls to the ground.

Still, however, the value of the work may not be essentially impaired. If it can be shown that the mode of operation, ascribed to God in the Bible, is a *good* way; is adapted to man's nature and needs; is in harmony with the course of divine providence in other respects; then, though we may not be able to show that it is the *only possible way*, we have done much to remove doubts and difficulties. Let us therefore look at our author's course of argument, to see whether he has accomplished this end.

ANALYSIS OF THE ARGUMENT.

"It is the nature of man to worship. But the character of what he worships will influence his own. Reason and history show that natural religion must always corrupt, and cannot improve man. History shows it, for heathen religions made their worshippers always worse, never better. Reason shows it, for man's mind cannot conceive the idea of a being holier and better than he already is himself. There-

fore, there is no help for man in natural religion. His only help is in having a pure object of worship placed before his soul, and this revelation being accompanied with power sufficient to influence him to worship it."

Having disposed thus summarily of natural religion, our author proceeds to show how the Deity brought before the human mind the idea of himself by means of the Jewish dispensation.

"The Jews were first bound together by strong ties, so that they could resist outward influences, and hold fast their own ideas and peculiarities. These ties were, 1st. Descent from a common parent, Abraham; 2d. Common Sufferings in Egypt; 3d. A common Deliverer from bondage."

The only way for a superhuman being to reveal himself is by superhuman acts — therefore miracles.

It was necessary that these miracles should be of such a character as to show the superiority of the true God to the gods of Egypt. Hence the miracles of Moses were directed against the serpents; the River Nile; the god of Flies; the cattle, which were objects of worship; Serapis, who was believed to protect them from locusts; Isis and Osiris, the sun and moon.

Man's mind can only receive truth by degrees — it is subject to the law of progress. Hence God revealed himself gradually — making known first, his existence, and calling himself I Am.

All happy obedience must arise from affection, and affection can be developed only by the sight of goodness. Hence God manifested himself to the Jews as a deliverer from Egypt.

Man cannot discover a perfect system of duty, but he needs a law, and that law to be freely chosen. Hence the Moral Law.

As there was no object in the material world from which the idea of *moral purity*, or *holiness* could be derived, it was necessary to institute some symbolic ordinances to convey it to the mind of the Jews. Hence the distinction of animals into clean and unclean, the purifications, the priesthood and holy places, &c. in the Mosaic system.

A sense of the evil of sin, and God's disapprobation of it can only be revealed to the human mind by the penalty affixed to it. Hence sacrifices, in which the death inflicted on the animal expressed the penalty to which the offender was justly liable.

Having reached this point, our author passes from the Old Covenant to the New. He says that the ideas being thus developed in a single nation can now be transferred to all others as spiritual truths by means of language. Therefore the old dispensation comes to an end. But as man can be taught spiritual

truth perfectly only by the life and word of man, therefore Jesus becomes the Teacher of the world.

He then goes on to argue that Jesus is the true Christ, from the idea he gave of the Messiah, from his lowly condition, from the nature of his miracles and teaching, from his making faith fundamental.

Affectionate obedience was produced under the old covenant by the deliverance of the Jews from temporal evils. Under the new it must be produced by a deliverance from spiritual evils. We must therefore be made first to feel the spiritual evil of our condition, and our inability to help ourselves. Therefore Jesus applies the moral law to the heart and thought, and so convinces us of sin, and then declares that infinite woe will follow it, and so convinces us of our danger. Then we must be delivered from this evil and danger by the hand of God, and so be led to love him as a Saviour.

We have now reached the central and vital doctrine of the PLAN of SALVATION. God must in some way *suffer* and make *self-denials* for us, for this it is which awakens human affection toward a benefactor. Scripture testifies that he did so. The death of Jesus is said to remove the disorder of the world. But if Christ be not God, he and not God will receive our love. Therefore Christ must be God, and those who do not believe in his divinity cannot love God.

The effects of this faith on the nature of man and on society prove it to be from God.

Having thus endeavored to state our author's train of thought, we shall now proceed to offer some criticisms upon it.

We object, first, to the phrase "Plan of Salvation," and to every equivalent mode of expression, as calculated to mislead the mind. To speak of a *plan* of salvation or a *scheme* of redemption, is degrading Christianity to a mere expedient, a contrivance for getting over a difficulty. God does not plan nor scheme. These terms can with propriety be applied to the human understanding only, which being surrounded by limitations must use contrivance to attain its objects. But He, who sees the end from the beginning, looks on everything which he has made, and calls it ALL very good. There is adaptation certainly everywhere. The eye is adapted to the light, but no more than the light is adapted to the eye. Christianity is adapted to the nature of man, but the nature of man is also adapted to Christianity. We object to every view of revelation which considers it as a separate work of God, an interposition, a remedy, a patch on the universe. Nature and Revelation are parts of the same system, and proceed from one source.

Christianity is nowhere called in the Bible a plan or scheme.

It was a part of the Divine Decree in the beginning; foreordained before the foundation of the world; the way for it was prepared by law and prophets; its path was made straight by Jewish teacher and Gentile sage, by Moses and by Socrates; and it came in the fulness of time, a ripe fruit of the past struggle and thought and prayer of preceding ages; an end not less than a means; a result itself rather than a mere expedient or remedy; and its coincidence with the wants of the age was not contrivance, but harmony.

Let the great doctrine of Divine Decrees but once be understood by those who profess to believe it, and they will cease to speak of Christianity as an expedient. That doctrine teaches that Christianity lay at first in the mind of God as a necessary part of the great whole, and that neither sin nor redemption are casual, or unnecessary to the unity and harmony of creation.

We object, secondly, to the utter depreciation of natural religion from which our author's view proceeds; and we place our objection not upon philosophic but on theological grounds. It is easy to show that if there is no inward and universal revelation of the true God, no light which lightens every man who comes into the world, that then there is no possibility of knowing the true God in his outward revelation. But omitting all such considerations, we contend that the only intelligible view of the doctrine of the Trinity, the key-stone of Christian theology, requires us to admit a revelation of the true God in nature.

The doctrine of the Trinity teaches that God exists in one substance, but in three persons, and that it is a heresy either to divide the substance or to confound the persons.

But we *divide the substance* and so interfere with the doctrine of divine unity, when we make the Trinity to penetrate the essential nature of God. If then there is no Trinity of essence, then the Trinity must reside in manifestation or relation, which corresponds with the original meaning of *person*, both in Greek and Latin.

And accordingly we find, as a matter of fact, that there are three manifestations or revelations of God to man — three, and no more. God makes himself known to us in Nature and Providence, in the constitution and order of things — he makes himself known to us through Inspired men, and the fulness of this Inspiration is in Jesus Christ — he makes himself known to us finally in our own hearts by an Inward Influence. Besides these three manifestations of God there is no other. The first shows him as the Father, the second as the Son, the third as the Holy Spirit.

It is then "dividing the substance," to separate God's revelation through Inspired men, from his revelation in Nature, and not to perceive that one is the preparation for the other. To deny that God reveals himself in Nature is to deny the first person of the Trinity, and to deny the Father. It is to fall back upon the Jewish error, and suppose that God is not a universal but a partial parent, to forget that he has never left himself without the witness of his works in the world, that he is no respecter of persons, that we are all his offspring, that his light lightens every man, that all men have the law written in the heart. This mistake is committed by our author in common with many others, who in denouncing nature, are not aware that they are denouncing the Almighty, and for whom we should pray in the words of Jesus, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." — And yet we may add in the language of Paul — "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men, everywhere to repent." The time has come, in which men ought to perceive the harmony between all God's manifestations, and repent of opposing Reason to Revelation, Nature to Scripture, the Word spoken through the outward creation to the Word made flesh.

But if our author, with most of those called orthodox, still Judaizes and "divides the substance" of the Trinity; the opposite error of "confounding the Persons" is committed by many others, and should be equally condemned. Those who think Christianity only a republication of the religion of nature, and suppose the manifestation of God in Christ to be the same with his manifestation in natural reason, wishing to reduce the gospel to a mere summary of truths of the pure reason, discharging from it everything individual and peculiar, fall into this error. This is the mistake of the Rationalists. Those also confound together the separate manifestations of God, who suppose the inspiration of the natural light to be the same with the Influence of The Holy Spirit. This is the mistake committed sometimes by those called Transcendentalists. The doctrine of the Quakers is more correct, for they distinguish between the natural light, or universal inspiration, and the comforter or Holy Spirit, whose coming is conditioned by the reception of the man Christ Jesus.

The great truth, which has lain hid under the doctrine of the Trinity for a thousand years, and the importance of which, when truly understood, cannot be over estimated, is briefly this. It is one and the same God who reveals himself in natural reason and the outward universe, in Jesus Christ, and in the regenerate heart — yet these three revelations are not repetitions but completions of each other.

We object, in the third place, to the work before us, that its reasoning is very inaccurate. Of this we will give a few instances.

1. *Inconsistent* reasoning.

He asserts (page 169 and elsewhere) that "human nature, as at present constituted," could not be made to feel the goodness of God's mercy, except God should make self-denials for man's benefit. "Mercy can be manifested to man so as to make an impression in his heart, *in no other way* than by labor and self-denial" (page 170). Hence he argues that God did make self-denials in Christ, and deduces the important inference that those, "who deny the divinity of Christ, cannot believe in God's benevolence" (page 172). That this is "the soul-destroying heresy," because if we do not believe that Christ is God, we cannot believe that God suffered for us, and therefore cannot love Him.

But on page 60, our author shows that God gained the affections of the Jews by appearing as their deliverer from Egyptian bondage. He says, (page 61,) "Now it may be affirmed without qualification, that, in view of the nature and circumstances of the Israelites, no combination of means could be so well adapted to elicit and absorb all the affections of the soul as this wonderful series of events." But in this series there is no appearance of self-denial or suffering on their behalf on the part of the Deity. He simply interposes by miracles to deliver them. According to the reasoning therefore on page 169, it should have made no impression on their heart at all. Our author is placed in this dilemma. He is either wrong in asserting so strenuously that "mercy cannot be manifested to man" except by self-denials, or else in declaring that God took the best possible way to gain the affections of the Israelites, when he rescued them from Egypt without self-denial.

2. Sweeping Inferences.

It is very common with our author to show that a certain course of conduct is *one way* to a particular end, and then immediately to infer that it is the *only way* to that end. Examples of this abound through the whole volume.

In the argument just referred to, in Chap. 15th, our author shows that self-denial and labor on the part of a benefactor tends to produce love in him who is the object of it; and then immediately infers that affection can be created in no other way, so that those, who do not believe in God's self-denials for the sake of man, cannot love him, and therefore cannot be saved.

But if this is so, it is somewhat remarkable that the Scripture, which nowhere alludes to the suffering or self-denial of God, should constantly assure us that his love was manifested by giving his Son to die for us. "God so loved the world, that

he gave his only begotten Son." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son the propitiation for our sins." That the sight of suffering borne for our sake has a tendency to produce affection is certain, but that this is the only source of affection is surely a very sweeping assertion. Is not love, true and high, produced also by the sight of noble and lovely qualities, though not manifested toward ourselves?

Again, after attempting to show that the Jewish nation was prepared to worship God purely by his various providences, he infers (page 37), that "a nation could have been prepared by *no other* agent, and in *no other* way," — certainly a very far step from the premises.

Page 83, after showing that one effect of a penalty affixed to crime is to show the legislator's aversion to it, he immediately declares — "Penalty, therefore, inflicted on the transgressor, is *the only way* by which the standard of Justice, as it exists in the mind of God, could be revealed."

Page 98, after showing that one way, to convey the idea of holiness to the world, was by originating it among the Jews by a peculiar system, and then transferring it into other languages by a dispersion of the nation, he quietly adds — "there could be *no other possible way* of transferring ideas from one language to another, but by the methods above mentioned."

We have given a few instances to show the rash and sweeping style of argument and inference which prevails through this little volume. Of hasty assertions, such as that on page 140, "to obey a parent, or to obey God, from interested motives, could be sin," we say nothing, merely asking in this particular instance, what difference is there in moral character between an act of obedience, whose motive is interest, and one whose motive is an affection, based as it is (according to our author) wholly upon interest? Faults of style, such as the use of the word "happify" (page 186), "unholiness" (page 180), "righteousness and benevolence produces," (205), "no being can be happy in obeying one whom *they do* not love" (140), we refer to only as showing the general haste with which the volume appears to have been prepared.

There are, notwithstanding these errors and defects, many valuable thoughts, and a very honest and earnest, though dogmatical and narrow spirit, displayed in this production. We have, however, thought it best to point out these defects, as they are of such importance, believing that we could in no other way render so much service both to the author and to the public. If the former will enlarge the sphere of his vision, and learn to reason with greater severity and accuracy, he may produce an argument in behalf of Christianity, which, if less

original than he believes the one before us to be, will probably be on that very account, more profitable and more profound.

J. F. C.

Motherwell's Poems. Boston: Published by William D. Ticknor.

We see an American edition of these poems with pleasure. They are mostly strains of a private and domestic beauty, and will be tenderly cherished by those who receive them at all. They are, however, of very unequal merit, and some of them will scarce find excuse for publication. Among those new to us, we do not find any to compare with the old favorites introduced to us years ago by Blackwood; "Jeanie Morrison" — "My heid is like to rend, Willie" — and "Wearie's Well," while we miss with regret one which we have seen attributed to Motherwell, and which has a simple dignity about it rarely seen to-day, beginning

"She was not fair nor full of grace."

We transcribe Wearie's Well, as the best recommendation to any who may not as yet have become acquainted with the volume.

"In a saft simmer gloamin'
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the brume bank
And looked in the burn,
But sidelang we looked on
Ilk ither in turn.

"The corn-craik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky;
The burn babbled freely
Its love to ilk flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

"We heard and we saw nought
Above or around;
We felt that our love lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears filled my e'e,

And they drapt on your wee loof, —
A warld's wealth to me.

"Now the winter's snaw's fa'ing
On bare holm and lea;
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart

"Ye 've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luve sae
As mine luvit thee?
Ye 'll get biggings and mailins,
And monie braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

"Fareweel, and forever,
My first luve and last,
May thy joys be to come, —
Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness,
This hour fa's on me;
But light as thy luve, may
It fleet over thee!"

Egmont, a Tragedy in five acts. Translated from the German of Goethe. Boston: James Munroe and Co. 1841.

In reading this translation through, we easily recognise our old impressions of the original, and do not find those impressions much disturbed. In comparing a few passages, line for line, we find the version faithful. And we chose for this experiment two scenes, in the highest, and in the lowest style, which the Play affords. One was the opening scene, the shooting match in the streets of Brussels, where we have the great man reflected in the common gossip of the idol-worshipping, fickle crowd; and the other, which carries us into the private sanctuary of his ideal character, the sublimely poetic Monologue of Egmont in prison awaiting his execution. Indeed the Play seems to lose but little by translation; the spirit of the whole seems transfused without much evaporation, and the details faithfully copied. This is partly owing to the bold and decided beauty of the noble prose poetry of the original, which

cannot fail to leave its mark, of which the rudest copy, if it give the greater features, like the tracing of the outer edge and principal veins of a leaf, readily suggests the whole. But partly, and largely too, it is the translator's merit. His work shows a just conception and feeling of the piece, a nice criticism of language, and that first merit of a translator, faith enough in the indwelling beauty and eloquence of the original to let it speak for itself, and not dilute it and modify it, for fear of strangeness, into the common-place Review style of English. Translators have been long in learning that it is safe to be literal. The translator, in the present case, deserves our thanks. May he find it worth his while to give us more of the same good work.

Monaldi, a Tale. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown.

"Who knows himself must needs in prophecy
Too oft behold his own most sad reverse."

We seized with eagerness upon these leaves, for it is always a great pleasure, to see the same hand skilful with various implements, the same mind in various costumes. "He of the Pen and Sword" is more than doubly interesting to us; and when the touch is masterly upon the lyre or with the pen, as the grasp is strong upon the sword, we exult in a presentiment of the full development of man. To see the same mind many-wise, it is all we ask; it is the secret of nature.

This tale casts some light upon the mind which, more than any other, has represented among us the pure reign of beauty. And, thus considered, its thoughtful sweetness has captivated even those who object to the conduct of the story and the external mode of treating the stronger passions. Here indeed is a gap as between two lives; for, while the reproduction of the life of the sentiments and intellect bespeaks a ripe and rich experience, that of the passions is represented as from the impressions of a much more youthful period.

The coarse jealousy, which can be incited by the slanders of the stranger, or even by the strongest circumstantial evidence, should not, we all feel, get the better in such a nature as Monaldi's of the instincts of the soul and the picture of womanly sweetness and delicacy, exhibited by his wife in the interview where he tries her faith. When Othello cries,

"If she be false, oh! then Heaven mocks itself!"

we can only endure that the noble Moor should again distrust the voice of his own heart, because the tempter is so widely and deeply intellectual, and because the circumstances of the marriage and the warning of Desdemona's father,

> "Look to her, Moor, have a quick eye to see,
> She has deceived her father and may thee" —

have prepared the mine now about to destroy her. This indeed is managed with such perfection of artless art, that when Iago says,

> "She did deceive her father, marrying you,
> And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
> She loved them most,
> *Othello.*— And so she did!"

we also mentally exclaim,

> And so she did;

a thought which had been lying dormant, and indeed had never been in conscious existence, suddenly finding voice when the occasion calls. Of similar processes in the histories of our connexions in daily life all are conscious, yet who but thou, Shakespeare, ever wove the woof thus silent and gradual like nature, calling out the meaning of a before unobserved thread by the other which regulates its place in the pattern.

Besides, the temperament of Othello is impassioned, sudden, and ripened amid influences unlikely to offer it check or balance. The very tragedy of the play is that a single thought the other way might have undeceived him, had he but known how to distrust his impressions; thus is his greatness his ruin. But in a character like that of Monaldi, so profound, so religious, and of slower movement, we see too easily how such wretchedness might have been averted, to be willing to accompany him into it.

It is a fine touch of nature to make Maldura, even in his penitence, preserve the habit of selfishness and egotism, which makes him, by his prolonged confession, stab to the heart once more the unfortunate to whom he meant to atone.

The conception of the two characters is admirable, showing as much depth as delicacy of thought. The key offered in the following passage offers a treasury, not of the minted gold, but of gems of the secret mine.

"Among the students of a seminary at Bologna, were two friends, more remarkable for their attachment to each other, than for any resemblance in their minds or dispositions. Indeed there was so little else in common between them, that hardly two boys could be found

more unlike. The character of Maldura, the eldest, was bold, grasping, and ostentatious; while that of Monaldi, timid and gentle, seemed to shrink from observation. The one, proud and impatient, was ever laboring for distinction; the world, palpable, visible, audible, was his idol; he lived only in externals, and could neither act nor feel but for effect; even his secret reveries having an outward direction, as if he could not think without a view to praise, and anxiously referring to the opinion of others; in short, his nightly and daily dreams had but one subject — the talk and eye of the crowd. The other, silent and meditative, seldom looked out of himself either for applause or enjoyment; if he ever did so, it was only that he might add to, or sympathize in the triumph of another; this done, he retired again, as it were, to a world of his own, where thoughts and feelings, filling the place of men and things, could always supply him with occupation and amusement.

"Had the ambition of Maldura been less, or his self-knowledge greater, he might have been a benefactor to the world. His talents were of a high order. Perhaps few have ever surpassed him in the power of acquiring; to this he united perseverance; and all that was known, however various and opposite, he could master at will. But here his power stopped; beyond the regions of discovered knowledge he could not see, and dared not walk, for to him all beyond was "outer darkness;" in a word, with all his gifts he wanted that something, whatever it might be, which gives the living principle to thought. But this sole deficiency was the last of which he suspected himself. With that self-delusion so common to young men of mistaking the praise of what is promising for that of the thing promised, he too rashly confounded the ease with which he carried all the prizes of his school with the rare power of commanding at pleasure the higher honors of the world. But the honors of a school are for things and purposes far different from those demanded and looked for by the world. Maldura unfortunately did not make the distinction. His various knowledge, though ingeniously brought together, and skilfully set anew, was still the knowledge of other men; it did not come forth as in new birth, from the modifying influence of his own nature. His mind was hence like a thing of many parts, yet wanting a whole — that *realizing* quality which the world must feel before it will reverence. In proportion to its stores such a mind will be valued, and even admired; but it cannot command that inward voice — the only true voice of fame, which speaks not, be it in friend or enemy, till awakened by the presence of a master spirit.

"Such were the mind and disposition of Maldura; and from their unfortunate union sprang all the after evils in his character. As yet, however, he was known to himself and others only as a remarkable boy. His extraordinary attainments placing him above competition, he supposed himself incapable of so mean a passion as envy; indeed the high station from which he could look down on his associates gave a complacency to his mind not unfavorable to the gentler virtues; he was therefore, often kind, and even generous without an effort. Besides, though he disdained to affect humility, he did not want discretion, and that taught him to bear his honors without arrogance. His claims were consequently admitted by his schoolfellows without a murmur. But there was one amongst them, whose praises were marked by such

warmth and enthusiasm as no heart not morally insensible could long withstand; this youth was Monaldi. Maldura had naturally strong feelings, and so long as he continued prosperous and happy, their course was honorable. He requited the praises of his companion with his esteem and gratitude, which soon ripened into a friendship so sincere that he believed he could even lay down his life for him.

"It was in this way that two natures so opposite became mutually attracted. But the warmth and magnanimity of Monaldi were all that was yet known to the other; for, though not wanting in academic learning, he was by no means distinguished; indeed, so little, that Maldura could not but feel and lament it.

"The powers of Monaldi, however, were yet to be called forth. And it was not surprising that to his youthful companions he should have appeared inefficient, there being a singular kind of passiveness about him easily mistaken for vacancy. But his was like the passiveness of some uncultured spot, lying unnoticed within its nook of rocks, and silently drinking in the light, and the heat, and the showers of heaven, that nourish the seeds of a thousand nameless flowers, destined one day to mingle their fragrance with the breath of nature. Yet to common observers the external world seemed to lie only

'Like a load upon his weary eye;'

but to them it appeared so because he delighted to shut it out, and to combine and give another life to the images it left in his memory; as if he would sleep to the real and be awake only to a world, of shadows. But, though his emotions seldom betrayed themselves by any outward signs, there was nothing sluggish in the soul of Monaldi; it was rather their depth and strength that prevented their passage through the feeble medium of words. He regarded nothing in the moral or physical world as tiresome or insignificant; every object had a charm, and its harmony and beauty, its expression and character, all passed into his soul in all their varieties, while his quickening spirit brooded over them as over the elementary forms of a creation of his own. Thus living in the life he gave, his existence was too intense and extended to be conceived by the common mind; hence the neglect and obscurity in which he passed his youth.

"But the term of pupilage soon came to an end, and the friends parted — each, as he could, to make his way in the world.

The profession which Monaldi had chosen for the future occupation of his life was that of a painter; to which, however, he could not be said to have come wholly unprepared. The slight sketch just given of him will show that the most important part, the mind of a painter, he already possessed; the nature of his amusements (in which, some one has well observed, men are generally most in earnest) having unconsciously disciplined his mind for this pursuit. He had looked at nature with the eye of a lover; none of her minutest beauties had escaped him, and all that were stirring to a sensitive heart and a romantic imagination were treasured up in his memory, as themes of delightful musing in her absence; and they came to him in those moments with that neverfailing freshness and life, which love can best give to the absent. But the skill and the hand of an artist were still to be acquired.

"But perseverance, if not a mark of genius, is at least one of its

practical adjuncts; and Monaldi possessed it. Indeed there is but one mode of making endurable the perpetual craving of any master passion — the continually laboring to satisfy it. And, so it be innocent, how sweet the reward! giving health to the mind without the sense of toil. This Monaldi enjoyed; for he never felt that he had been toiling, even when the dawn, as it often happened, broke in upon his labors."

There are many passages in the book of the same graceful lightness of expression and fineness of thought. They speak with the Ariel tone we dream of in the enchanted solitudes to which the pencil of the artist has introduced us. By very slight indications we are made to feel the "real presence" of that inward life revealed to most men, only at rare intervals, but here flowing like a brook hidden amid sighing reeds, with a steady silver sound.

Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso. By R. H. Wilde. New York: Alexander V. Blake, 59, Gold Street. 1842.

Beside the riddles which the historians have only *seemed* to solve, there are a few over which no veil of plausible explanation has been cast. These themes, if not more pregnant with meaning, and productive of scenes and figures, than the passages of romance presented us by daily life, derive a value from the accumulated interest of generations, as well as from the historic importance of the names which furnish them. Even as the great classic subject, taken from the annals of Greece never tire, because we are always more and more interested to see what gloss a new mind will put on the old text, so are we never weary of the argument as to the innocence of the Queen of Scots, conjectures as to the Iron Mask, or the imprisonment of Tasso.

Chiefly on account of this mystery Tasso is to us a personage more living than the other great poets, of as beautiful and romantic aspect, but whose loves and lives we know better than our own, inasmuch as they have been more minutely painted, expressed with a more ardent eloquence, and present a whole more rounded and compact to the imagination. The pretensions of the work before us are very modest, and the promise set forth by its author is more than redeemed. His aim has been to arrange materials in a graceful order, and furnish us with good translations of the less known poems and letters of Tasso, rather than to show his ingenuity and critical adroitness by defending some theory of his own. Wherever he is clear in his own mind, he says so, but without attempting to enforce

upon the reader his opinion. Thus can we look at the evidence he has brought forward with a quite undisturbed pleasure.

The papers produced in these volumes alone must convince any mind, that ever doubted on the subject, that Tasso was not insane, yet that those around him may sometimes have doubted, we cannot wonder.

There are natures who must always know, before they can act or feel. Is a thought present to them? — let it become flesh! The intellect leads the way; turning its dark lantern carefully from side to side to show the difficult path; performance comes lagging, oftentimes halting, after. Truth is their desire; if not too cold, they attain it; but slowly, and their light, though pure, is faint.

There are other natures who must always act and feel before they can know. Does an impulse come to them?— they act it out and inquire its meaning through which to enlarge and purify their lives. Flame-like the soul shoots up from amid such fuel as existence offers; it sinks as suddenly as it rose; it kindles afresh in its dull bed, and bursts forth more vehement than ever; it retires into reflection only when all is burned that was there to be burned; glimmering more calmly amid the ashes.

There is a nature nobler, wider, from its earliest existence better balanced than either. Of this I need not now speak, for Tasso belonged to the second class.

Of no speculative force of wing to sustain himself by the great ideas which alone can steer and harmonize those ardent and unequal natures, so that, while writing the Jerusalem even, he doubted not only as to Christ, but the immortality of the soul, and yet, (oh lamentable weakness of human nature!) dared not confess these doubts to a priest, *lest he might not receive absolution*, and afterwards laid aside his doubts with the same haste and superficial examination as he had taken them up; of an imagination that required to be kindled by the passions, then burning with a beauty more intense than radiant, gave heat rather than light; and finding no security in the bosom where it was brought forth, required some outward influence to help it to an altar; seizing the object before him with a vigor unknown to those of wider ken and steadier pulse, always over or underrating the moment, through the very splendor of his powers of conception and illustration; how could Tasso fail to be admired by all, loved much by many, despised by those who admired when his flights suddenly baffled them, loved with constancy only by a nature large enough to understand, larger if not so deep as his own. Whether he found such an one is doubtful; doubtful whether the idol of his muse, even, had force to trust him through his wild moods and alternation of misery and

splendor. Petrarch and Dante suffered, yet felt themselves recognised upon the earth at least by one fair soul; but Tasso writes thus from his imprisonment.

"Miserable is it, truly, to be deprived of country and despoiled of fortune; to wander about in poverty and peril; to suffer the treachery of friends, the injustice of kinsmen, and the mockery of patrons, to be at once infirm in body, and afflicted in mind, harassed by the melancholy recollection of things past, the pains of the present, and the fears of the future. And miserable is it, that benevolence is repaid with hatred, simplicity with craft, sincerity with fraud, and generosity with baseness; most miserable, that I should be hated, because I have been wronged, and even after the injury hated not the offenders; that I should pardon acts, while others will not pardon words; that I should forget injuries received, and others not forget injuries inflicted; that I should desire the honor of another, even with my own ill, while they desire my shame without their benefit. But still more miserable is it, that I have fallen into this wretchedness not from malice, but simplicity; not from fickleness, but constancy; not from being too eager for my own advantage, but too neglectful of it; and most miserable is it, that in all my misery, I have found no sympathy, neither in the beginning of my misfortures, when they affected me deeply, nor since, when more accustomed to suffering, I endured it with fortitude."

In the full and florid eloquence of this passage, written from the damp cell of Santa Anna, we see distinctly how this born brother of Rousseau loved to dwell upon his pain, and deck the deepest wounds of Earth with the richest verdure. Seizing upon a passage of sorrow, or a petty and hard character, his fervid genius so transfused them, that in proportion to the darkness of the substance was the depth of the glow seen within it.

But the subject is inexhaustible, and I must stop here for the present. Let me add as the best criticism, for the hearing of those that will hear, one of those matchless scenes in which Goethe represents the sudden blazes of eloquence, the fitful shadings of mood, and the exquisite sensitiveness to all influences, that made the weakness and the power of Tasso. — It also presents the relation that probably existed between the princess and the poet, with more truth than their confessors could discern it, for the poet is the only priest in the secrets of the heart.

ACT SECOND, SCENE FIRST.

A Hall.

THE PRINCESS. TASSO.

TASSO. — As with uncertain steps I follow thee,
Wild and disordered thoughts oppress my mind,

And ask some hours of solitude, to still
Their feverish tumult. Yet to gaze on thee
Is like the dawning of another day,
And must unloose my bonds. Yes, I must tell thee,
Our unexpected visitor has waked me
With most ungentle touch from my sweet dream,
His words, his presence, have with sudden force
Roused up new feelings to confuse my soul.

PRINCESS. — It is impossible that an old friend,
After an absence passed in scenes unlike
Those which we knew together, should appear,
In the first moment of reunion, near
And dear as when we parted. Yet we should not
Impatient deem that we have lost him. Soon
The strings respond again to their concordance,
And harmony makes glad the waiting heart.
He is unchanged within; the jars arise
But from a change of atmosphere. Antonio,
When he has learned to know thee and thy works,
Will hold forth eloquently in thy praise,
As late in Ariosto's. —

TASSO. — Ah, believe me,
Those praises were delightful to my ear,
My heart soft whispered as he spoke, "and thou
Mayst thus enkindle in some soul of honor
These incense-breathing fires. Though lowlier-gifted,
Sincere has been thy striving, great thy love." —
What pained me, was the picture of *his* world,
With all these glowing, grand, and restless shapes,
Which such a man can charm into his circle,
Submissive to the spells his wisdom frames,
For as I gazed, *my* world sank in the distance
Behind steep rocks, — on which I seemed to fade ——
To Echo —— to poor shadow of a sound, —
Bodiless, — powerless.

PRINCESS. — And but now, how dear
Thou felt the ties which bind the bard and hero,
Born to adorn their day with noble rivalry,
By envy unprofaned. The heroic deed,
Which fires the bard, is beautiful; nor less so
The generous ardor which embalms the deed,
The lays whose fragrance breathes o'er far off ages;
Thou must live tranquil, — or thy song is marred.

TASSO. — Here first I saw how valor is rewarded.
I came here at a time when feast on feast
Given to celebrate Ferrara's glory,
Dazzled my boyish eye. — As in the lists
Knighthood displayed its prowess, the first men,
The fairest women of our day looked on,
Flowers of our Fatherland, — bound in one garland.
When the lists opened — when the trumpet sounded,
Helm and shield glittered, coursers pawed the ground;
Pages ran to and fro, — the lances shivered,

And rising clouds of dust hid for a moment
The victor's triumph, and the vanquished's shame.
Oh what a spectacle of worldly splendor!
I felt my littleness, and shrank abashed.

PRINCESS. — How differently did I pass those moments!
Which sowed ambition in thy heart. The lore
Of sufferance I was painfully receiving;
That feast which hundreds since have vaunted to me,
I could not see. In a far dim apartment,
Where not an echo of this gayety
Could penetrate, I lay. Before my eyes
Death waved his broad black pinions. When the light
Of motley-raying life returned upon them,
It showed as through a dusky veil obscured;
In those first days of unhoped convalescence,
I left my chamber leaning on my women, —
I met Lucretia full of joy and health
And guiding thee, their harbinger, to me.
Thou wert the first who welcomed me to this
New lease of life, — I hailed it as an omen,
And hoped much for and from thee, — nor have I
Been by my hope deceived.

TASSO. — And I
Who had been deafened by the tumult, dazzled
By the excess of light — and roused by many
Passions unknown before, — as with thy sister
I met thee in that long, still gallery,
Was like one much harassed by magic spells,
Beneath the influence of celestial spirits.
And since, when wild desires distracting pant
After their thousand objects, has the memory
Of that hour bridled them, — and turned aside
My thoughts from their unworthy course. But some
Wildly and vainly search on ocean's sands
To find the pearl, which lies fast locked the while
In its still, secret shell. —

PRINCESS. — Those were fair days, —
And had not Duke d'Urbino wed my sister,
Our happiness were still unclouded. But
We want her life and courage, her gay spirit,
And various wit. —

TASSO. — I know that thou
Canst ne'er forget her loss. Oh I have felt it
Often and keenly —— often have complained
In solitude, that I could not supply
What thou hast lost in her, could nothing be
Where I desired so much. Oh that I might be something,
And not in words but deeds, express to thee
How my heart worships thee! In vain, alas!
I cannot gladden thee, and often vex thee.
In my bewilderment have injured those
Thou wouldst protect, — have marred and frustrated
Thy cherished schemes, —— and still go farthest from thee
When most I sigh to approach.

PRINCESS. — I have never
Doubted thy wishes towards me; and grieve
Only that thou shouldst hurt thyself. My sister
Can live with every one in his own way,
Mightst thou but find thyself in such a friend!
TASSO. — In whom except thyself can I confide?
PIRNCESS. — My Brother
TASSO. — He is my sovereign.
Not the wild dreams of freedom bar the way, -
I know, I feel, man was not born to freedom,
And to a worthy heart, 't is happiness
To serve a worthy prince. But I cannot
Serve him, and trust him as an equal friend,
But must in silence learn his will and do it,
E'en should mine own rebel. —
PRINCESS. — Antonio
Would be a prudent friend. —
TASSO. — And once I hoped
To have him for a friend — but now despair. —
I know his converse and his counsel both
Are what I need. But when the assembled gods
Showered in his cradle rich and various gifts,
The Graces held back theirs; and whom they slight,
(However favored by all other Powers)
Can never build their palaces in hearts.
PRINCESS. — Oh, but he is a man worthy of faith. —
Ask not so much —— he will redeem all pledges
His words and manner give. Should he once promise
To be thy friend, he would do all for thee.
Oh I will have it so! It will be easy,
Unless thou art perverse. But Leonora,
Whom thou so long hast known, and who is surely
Refined and elegant to the degree
Of thy fastidious taste's exaction, why
Hast thou not answered to her proffered friendship?
TASSO. — I had declined it wholly but for thee;
I know not why —— I cannot frankly meet her,
And oft when she would benefit a friend,
Design is felt, and her intent repulsed.
PRINCESS. — This path, Tasso,
Leads through dark valleys and still, lonely woods,
Hope no companion if thou wilt pursue it.
There canst thou only strive that golden time,
Which thine *eye* vainly seeks, within thy *mind*
To form and animate, — even that I fear
Thou vainly wilt essay.
TASSO. — Ah, my Princess,
Do all hearts vainly sigh? That golden time,
Is it quite gone, that age of blissful freedom,
When on the bosom of their Mother Earth
Her children dreamed in fond security?
The ancient trees sheltered from noonday heat,
The happy shepherds with their shepherdesses,

The streams could boast their nymphs. Fawns were familiar,
Snakes had no venom, and the fearless birds,
And unmolested rangers of the forest,
Every gay creature in its frolic play
Taught man the truth, — all which can *bless*, is lawful.

PRINCESS. — My friend, the golden age indeed is past,
Only the good have power to bring it back;
And (shall I frankly tell thee what I think?)
The Poets feign in all their pretty tales
Of that same age. Most like 't was then as now.
United noble hearts *make* golden days,
Interpret to each other the world's beauty;
Change in thy maxim but one single word,
All is explained. All which is *meet*, is lawful.

TASSO. — Might then a synod of the wise and good
Decide on what *is* meet. For now each one
Says that is meet which to himself is pleasing, —
And to the crafty and the powerful
All is permitted, whether just or not. —

PRINCESS. — A synod of good *women* should decide,
It is their province. Like a wall, decorum
Surrounds and guards the frailer sex. Propriety,
Morality are their defence and fortress,
Their tower of strength, — and lawlessness their foe.
And as man loves bold trial of his strength,
So woman, graceful bonds, worn with composure.

TASSO. — Thou thinkst us rude, impetuous, and unfeeling?

PRINCESS. — Not so —— your striving is for distant good,
And must be eager to effect its end.
But ours for single, limited possessions,
Which we would firmly grasp and constant hold.
We have slight hold upon your hearts. — That Beauty
Which wins them is so frail — and when 't is gone
Those qualities to which it lent a charm
Are worthless in your eyes — but were there men
Could know a woman's heart — could feel what treasure
Of truth and tenderness is hoarded there,
Could keep the memory of bygone bliss,
And by its aid could penetrate the veil
That age or sickness o'er her casts; and did not
The gaining of one gem, instead of quieting,
Excite desire for others, then to us
A beauteous day would dawn, and we should know
Our golden age.

TASSO. — Thy words call up
Sharp pains that long have slept within my heart.

PRINCESS. — What meanst thou, Tasso? Frankly tell it me.

TASSO. — I hear that noble princes ask thy hand,
I always knew it must be so, yet have not
These trembling apprehensions taught my heart
To encounter such misfortune. Though 't is natural
That thou shouldst leave us, how shall we endure it?
I know not. —

PRINCESS. — Free thy mind
From all such fears, I dare to say, forever,
I do not wish to go, nor shall, unless
My friends disturb my home with vain dissensions.
TASSO. — Oh teach me but what I shall do for thee,
My life is thine, — my heart beats but to praise,
To adore thy excellence, — my all of bliss
To realize the Beautiful in thee.
The gods are separate and elevate
Far above man, as destiny o'er prudence,
And plans formed by the foresight of us mortals;
Waves which o'erwhelm us with destroying press,
To their wide ken seem but as the brook's ripple;
The wild tornados of our atmosphere
Reach not those azure heights where they are throned;
They hear our wailings with as light regard
As we do children's for their shattered toys;
But thou, serene as they, art not removed
From sympathy, — but oft, sunlike, dost pour
Down from thy heights, floods of consoling light
Upon these eyelids, wet with dew of earth.
PRINCESS. — All women ought to love the bard whose lay
Like thine can praise them. Soft and yet heroic,
Lovely and noble hast thou painted them,
And e'en Armida's faults are half redeemed
By tenderness and beauty.
TASSO. — From one model
I pictured all, — if any shall be deemed
Worthy of immortality, to that model
They owe it. My Clorinda and Hermione,
Her unheeded but undying faith, Olindo,
His sorrow, and Sophronia's magnanimity,
Are not the children of my fancy; now
They exist, — and if profound reality
Give interest to a picture, shall endure
The story of a nobly-placed devotion
Breathed into song.
PRINCESS. — Thy poem's highest praise
Is that it leads us on and on; we listen,
We think we understand, — nor can we blame
That which we understand, — and thus become thy captives.
TASSO. — Thy words breathe heaven, Princess, — but I need
The eagle's eye to bear the new-born light.
PRINCESS. — No more at present, Tasso. If some things
May suddenly be seized, — yet love and virtue
(Nearly, I think, related to each other)
Ask in their quest, patience and self-denial.
Forget not this, — and now adieu, my friend.

SCENE SECOND.

TASSO *alone.*

TASSO. — Is it permitted thee to ope thine eyes,

And look around, above thee? Did these pillars
Hear what she spake? They were the witnesses
How a descending goddess lifted me
Into a new incomparable day!
What power, what wealth, lie in this new-traced circle!
My happiness outruns my wildest dream;
Let the born blind think what they will of colors,
To the cleared eye wakens a novel sense;
What courage! what presentiment! Drunk with joy
I scarce can tread the indicated path, —
And how shall I deserve the choicest gifts
Of earth and heaven? Patience, self-denial,
Must give me claim to confidence; they shall!
Oh how did I deserve that she should choose me,
What shall I do to justify her choice?
Yet that choice speaks my worth; yes, I am worthy,
Since she could think me so. My soul is consecrate,
My Princess, to thy words, thy looks. Whate'er
Thou wilt, ask of thy slave; in distant lands
I'll seek renown, with peril of my life,
Or chant in every grove thy charms and virtues;
Wholly possess the creature thou hast formed, —
Each treasure of my soul is thine. I ne'er can
Express my vast devotion with the pen
In written words. Ah! could I but assist
The Poet's by the Painter's art. — Did honey
Fall from my lips! Now never more shall I
Be lonely, sad, or weak. Thou wilt be with me!
Had I a squadron of the noblest men
To help me do thy bidding, — some great deed
Should justify the boldness of a tongue
Which dared to ask her grace. I meant it not,
I meant not to speak now, — but it is well, —
I take as a free gift what I could never
Have claimed. This glorious future, this new youth!
Rise, heart. Oh tree of Love! may genial showers
Call out a thousand branches toward heaven,
Unfold thy blossoms, — swell thy golden fruit
Until the loved one's hand be stretched to cull it.

We recommend this book, and every good book about Tasso, to the attention of all, who have time to think and feel, or scan the thought and feeling of others.

Boston Academy of Music.

While yet full of gratitude to the Boston Academy of Music, for the happiness, the accession of life and knowledge conferred by their performance of one of Beethoven's great symphonies, we are confounded by hearing that they are likely to be obliged to give up the enterprise, the truly worthy enterprise of forming

the taste of an audience, and cultivating those high feelings of art, which will never be brought out, but rather destroyed by concerts in the popular style, for want of means. Might but this word of gratitude, of sympathy, avail to induce any of those, who would aid largely if they felt the worth of the cause, to consider what we are likely to lose for want of a little money. The opportunity of learning to appreciate the great Art of the age, through the performance of a series of classical works by an excellent orchestra, inspired by a genuine feeling of beauty, must this be taken from us, and these noble enjoyments postponed, perhaps for years, for want of a little activity now? Would that space and time permitted to express our own feelings, and as far as in us lies plead the good cause!

Theory of Teaching. By A Teacher. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1841.

"The more one loves the art, and indeed the better one studies it, the less one is satisfied. This made Titian write under his pictures *faciebat*, signifying that they were only in progress." — *Northcote's Conversations.*

To treat of this book at length, would occupy great space, if we should meet the author's statements of experience with that devotion to the subject, which their energy, talent, and noble tendency deserve. But as the place for such an essay is in a Journal of Education rather than in a Miscellany like this, we must content ourselves with recommending the volume to the attention of all whose minds are engaged in ascertaining the best way not to injure children.

At the request of a friend the following notice is inserted of a book about to be published, called "The Ideal Man." Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1842.

This book is somewhat out of the common course of American books on manners, morals, and religion. But we think it had better have been named the Cultivated Gentleman, than to have assumed the title of *The Ideal Man.* It is a manual of good manners, of pure aims, and of honorable and praiseworthy conduct, and especially is opposed to that negligence of form which runs so to excess with us. But it does not recommend or tolerate anything hollow or unmeaning. The good manners must signify good taste, good morals, good learning, and sincere religion. It bears marks of being written by a foreigner, in its style as well as matter, though he writes in the character of an American.

ERRATA.

Page 411, for Sampson read Samson
" 417, line 11, for these read this
" 418, line 12, for from read of
" 421, line 42, for blood read flood
" 431, line 29, for her read his
" 433, line 7, for knock read knack
" 435, line 24, for men read man

IV.

To the Editor of the Dial.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

THE article, "Days from a Diary," is of too little value to waste words upon. My interest in it has so moderated, that when I learned of your want of room in this Dial, I was glad of that pretext for withdrawing it, and the more if not printed entire. The interest of such documents, takes its color from the writer's moods and varies as these change.

I still incline to receive my manuscript, since you cannot print it in the January Number, for I know it will give me little pleasure to read the same next April. But you shall do as you please. The Dial prefers a style of thought and diction, not mine; nor can I add to its popularity with its chosen readers. A fit organ for such as myself is not yet, but is to be. The times require a free speech, a wise, humane, and brave sincerity, unlike all examples in literature, of which the Dial is but the precursor. A few years more will give us all we desire — the people all they ask.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

Concord, 6th Dec. 1841.

DAYS FROM A DIARY.

[LITERATURE affords but few examples of the Diary. Yet this of all scriptures is simplest, most natural, and inviting; and all men delight in that hospitality, humane as it is magnanimous, which makes them partakers of the privatest life of virtue and genius. — Nor Gods nor true persons have secrets. Their lives are made poetic and noble by divine aims, and to themselves are they spectacles of approbation and hope. They prosecute life with a sweet and tender enthusiasm, and espouse interests so large and universal as to lose their own being therein; and they live, not in the gaze of a selfish and vain egotism, but in the steady eye of conscience, whose voice and missionary they are. Nor till life is made thus sincere and poetic shall we have these private documents. For no man writes worthily who lives meanly. His life degrades his thought, and this defrauds his pen of all simplicity and elegancy. When

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